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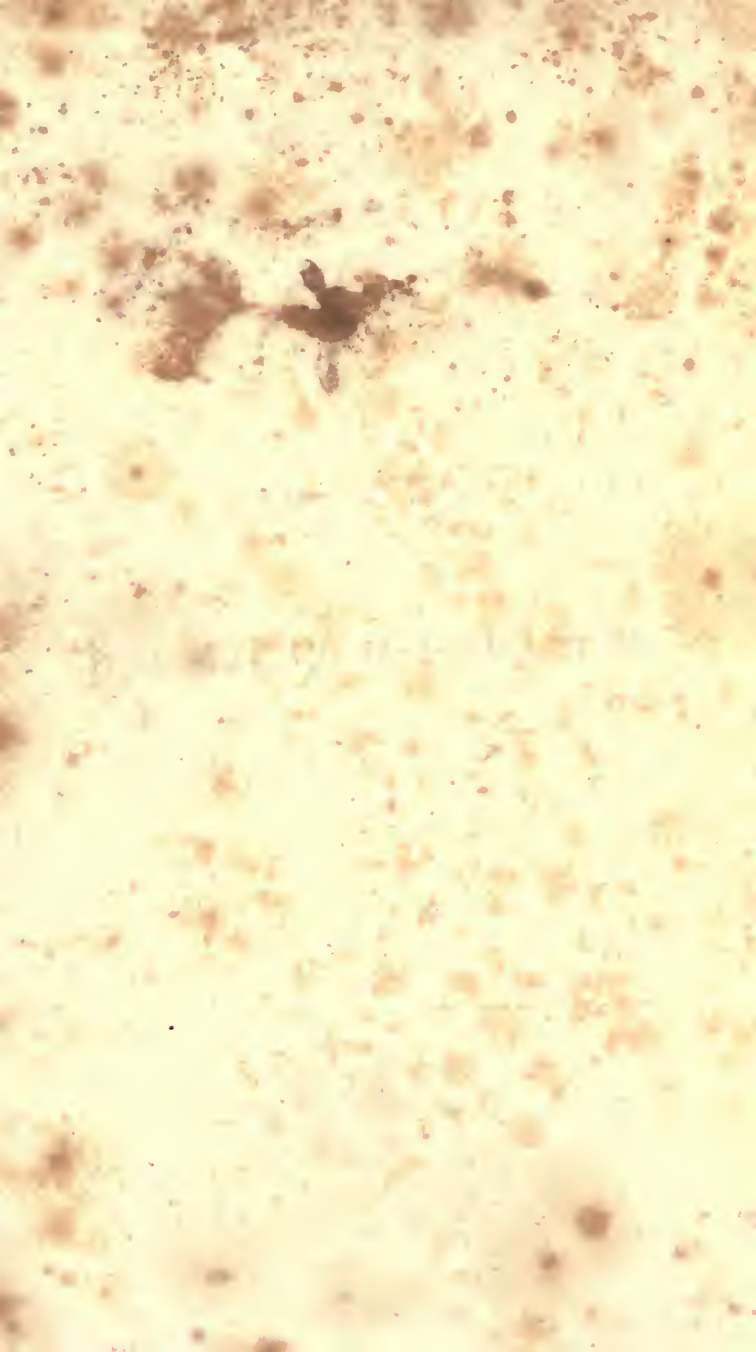
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THE HISTORY  
OF  
THE BRITISH REBELLION  
OF  
1685.



A HISTORY  
OF THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTCH REBELLIONS  
OF  
1685.

DESCRIBING THE STRUGGLES OF THE ENGLISH AND  
SCOTCH PEOPLE TO RID THEMSELVES OF A  
POPISH KING, JAMES THE SECOND.

THE  
DUKE OF MONMOUTH HEADING THE REBELLION IN ENGLAND.

AND  
THE EARL OF ARGYLE THAT OF SCOTLAND.

THEIR  
ADVENTUROUS CAREER, MELANCHOLY DEFEATURE, AND  
SAD CONSEQUENCES.

BY  
JULIA W. H. GEORGE.

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“Details are the physiognomy of character, and by them they engrave  
themselves upon the imagination.”

*Lamartine.*

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NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY CADY & BURGESS,  
60 JOHN-STREET.

.....  
1851.

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## P R E F A C E.

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"The tastes of those who were the rising generation when the Waverly Novels were the absorbing theme," says a celebrated writer, "have become matured. They require to have history rendered as agreeable without fiction as with it. They desire to have it written without sacrificing truth to fastidiousness, that they may read it with their children; and that the whole family party shall be eager to resume the book when they gather round the work-table in the long winter evenings," when amusement blended with instruction, through works conveying a knowledge of the past, shall be that proper and wholesome food which has truth for its basis, and facts, not fancies, for its superstructure.

There is an universal thirst in the present age for this kind of reading; and every work issuing from the press bearing on its title page records of deeds of actual occurrence, with their heroes and heroines faithfully portrayed, meets with a ready grasp from thousands of eager and expectant hearts; as the dry chronicles of ancient times, perused as tasks in early youth, have left little remembrance of the realities of those times which the chivalrous age and spirit of the past render, in truth, so absorbing and interesting.

Books in former ages were written for the few ; now they are penned for the many. A more general development of mind and character pervades all classes, and the peasant and the prince may now almost, we might say, enjoy alike the labors of those who are instrumental in giving additional light to what has been rendered hitherto too obscure in its details for general adaptation and improvement.

The following pages give a history of the Rebellion of 1685, headed by James Scot, Duke of Monmouth, the eldest illegitimate son of Charles the Second, whose career is perhaps one of the most remarkable upon record. In tracing the sad consequences of his ill-advised invasion, while strictly confining ourselves to facts, we shall also endeavor so to delineate his character and motives, as shall place before our readers a full and complete history of the eventful period in which he performed so conspicuous a part.

The Earl of Argyle led the rebellion in Scotland about the same time. An anachronism will be found in the manner in which we have placed their histories ; the Scottish rebellion having commenced and ended before that of England was terminated ; but as the narration of facts are strictly given, this was deemed unimportant.

In this work there will be found little allusion to notes or "documentary testimony ;" but what is here aduced has been derived from true and reliable sources, and the details related, therefore, depended on as authentic.

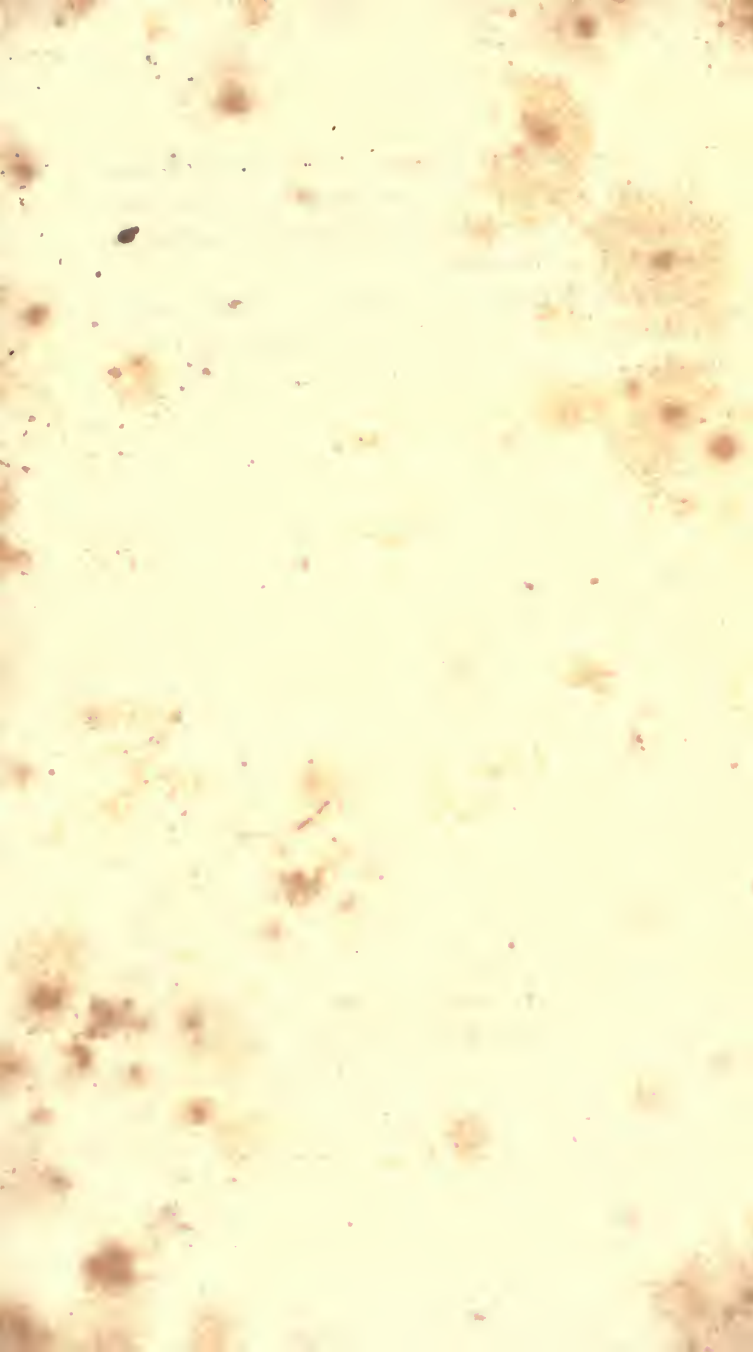
Argyle's character was very different to that of Monmouth, and he might truly be said to have erred on



virtue's side. Like Monmouth, however, he wanted that firmness of purpose and will, necessary to a commander; determination in a leader, being equally as essential as obedience in a subordinate.

As the title imports, it is a chronicle of the events of the time, as they occurred, faithfully portraying one of the most suffering periods England has ever known.

*New-York, March, 1851.*



THE  
HISTORY OF THE BRITISH REBELLION OF 1685.

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CHAPTER I.

Dissatisfaction and disaffection distinguished a large portion of both public and private individuals during the latter years of the reign of Charles the Second, which was still more increased when they considered that to their present grievances, by the succession of the duke his brother, all the horrors of a Papal administration would be added. To rid themselves of so odious a necessity many plans had been formed, and many plots entered into, but failure and discovery had, so far, only been the result. Baffled, but not by that means deprived of hopes of accomplishing their end, we find the whigs, in the Spring of 1681, convened to concert measures to carry a plan into execution to prevent the Duke of York from ever ascending the throne of England.

Charles had been taken suddenly ill at Windsor Castle, and, by his physicians, thought in a very dangerous condition. Under those circumstances no time for the accomplishment of their object was to

be lost. The Duke of Monmouth, Charles' eldest illegitimate son, therefore, with his colleagues, Lord Grey, Lord Russell, and the restless Lord Shaftesbury, thought this the proper opportunity to organize their plans, and, in the event of the king's illness proving fatal, to rise in arms against the succession of his brother.

Charles recovered, but the designs they had formed were not on this account abandoned. These conspirators, together with the Earls of Essex and Salisbury, determined on continuing the Oxford parliament after the king should dissolve it, which in a few days was to take place. To this end they detained several lords in the house under pretext of signing the impeachment of Fitzharris. At this juncture news reached them that the commons had broken up in great consternation, among whom were leaders in the same desperate measure, which acted on them like magic, and they at once resolved upon separating, though still determined to persevere.

Shaftesbury, more unfortunate than the others, was taken up and imprisoned, and this, for some time, ended their plottings and machinations. But the smouldering fire, which, notwithstanding its progress, was for a time hidden beneath an exterior of calm and safe quiet, was to burst forth with renewed violence. The seeds of rebellion had been sown on no ungenial soil, the grains had taken root, and were expanding hidden, but deep; and the fruits would

manifest themselves at no very distant day. The spirit of sedition was spreading fast, both in town and country.

Monmouth, in the meantime, had engaged the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Brendon, Sir Gilbert Gerard, and other gentlemen of Cheshire; Lord Russell entered into a correspondence with Sir William Courtenay, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Francis Rowe, who promised to raise the West. While one William Trenchard promised the conspirators a large interest in the disaffected town of Taunton, where he said he had considerable influence.

Lord Shaftesbury had been set at liberty, as no sufficient cause could be proved for his further detention in prison, though he was known to be a dangerous person. He therefore commenced operations in London, assisted by Robert Ferguson, a violent whig, and a most inveterate talker, who used that talent in stirring up all whom he came across to join Monmouth's standard, and assist at this great juncture in endeavoring to prevent a Catholic ruler occupying the British throne. He had been an Independant clergyman, and was listened to the more readily on that account, inspiring confidence wherever he went, and being made the recipient of all the movements going forward in the different counties by the several parties employed to correspond on the subject.

Lord Shaftesbury's disposition little fitted him for the office he had undertaken. Fearful and nervous,



he realized all the horrors of his desperate situation, though full of schemes of daring, and longing to come to that crisis when action would give full scope and exercise for these restless feelings, for whom quiet and suspense was torture in the highest degree. He was therefore indefatigable in his endeavors to bring about this desired consummation. Secreting himself by day and prowling about all night, his constant exordium was, "Let us commence at once, let us lose no time, lest, the knowledge of our intentions getting wind, the whole thing should explode and come to nothing at last." Meetings were, therefore, constantly being held at the houses of different whigs in London, particularly at one Shepherd's, a wine merchant, more zealous than the rest, and, like Shaftesbury, panting for action. The plan of the insurrection was here at length formed. Devonshire, Cheshire and Bristol were to be the places of rendezvous; all the operation were laid down, and even the state of the guards examined and discussed, and an attack pronounced practicable. Then followed the reading of a declaration, in which they justified themselves to the public for the steps they were about to take.

Every preliminary being thus agreed upon, nothing seemed to remain but to commence the insurrection at once, which would have been the case had not news arrived from Trenchard, that the rising in the west of England could not be in sufficient forwardness for some weeks to come.

The impatience of Shaftesbury's temper could ill brook this delay, for he thought that success could alone be secured by instantaneous measures. He could command, he said, ten thousand himself, ready at the beck of his finger to spring forth and fly to their arms.

This was very annoying to Monmouth and Russell, for their calculations were made with more judgment and coolness than that of their colleague; and they were afraid of what it would eventually drive him to, and it did end in his giving up all in a paroxism of rage, and flying to Amsterdam, where, having given great dissatisfaction for his former councils against the Dutch commonwealth, he was refused every public appointment he solicited, and in a short time died, little, alas! deplored or lamented.

His furious temper, it was discovered, had done great injury to the cause in which he was engaged, the iniquitous designs he entertained being of a nature so heinous that they would have been destructive in the highest degree in a faction where unanimity of interests were above all things necessary, and an assumption at least, of purity of purpose in their designs.

The death of Shaftesbury was productive of much evil to their plans, the conspirators in the city having rested their entire dependance in his lordship, and looked upon him as their leader. The circumstances in which they were placed, however, required

a movement of some kind ; and, after mature deliberation, they agreed to stand by each other and to organize their plans, and then commence the insurrection. A council of six was therefore formed, consisting of Monmouth, Russell, Essex, Howard, Algernon, Sidney, and John Hampden, grand-son of the great parliamentary leader. These men entered into an agreement with Argyle and the Scottish malcontents, then in Holland, for the payment of ten thousand pounds to purchase arms, and in order to bring them into the field.

With all this seeming unanimity of purpose, each of the conspirators had their own peculiar ends in view. Sidney and Essex were desirous of establishing a commonwealth ; Hampden and Russell were zealously attached to the ancient constitution, and wished to exclude the duke, and redress all the grievances of the people. But Monmouth differed from them all, *he wished to possess the crown*. With these several purposes in view they were, however, united in one common feeling of discontent at Charles' administration, and hatred of the Duke, his brother and successor, so that the insurrection was resolved on by all who had engaged in forwarding so daring an act.

Unknown to the conspirators there was yet another plot in active operation, and numbered among its leaders West, Tyley, Norton and Ayloffe, lawyers ; Ferguson, Rouse, Hone, Ruling, Holloway, Browne, Lee, and Rumbould. They held meetings for the purpose of



concerting measures for the assassination of the king and the duke. Nothing could surpass the heartlessness of these men when discussing this subject, which they familiarly termed "lopping." One plan formed was to waylay Charles as he returned from the races. Rumbould, who was a maltster, and possessed an estate which lay in the way to New Market, laid before them a plan of his farm, showing how easy it would be, by overturning a cart, to upset the king's coach and then fire on him from behind the hedges. But this was providentially prevented by the house which he occupied at New Market suddenly taking fire, obliging him to fly a week before his usual time, and ere their plans had been matured, or they had provided themselves with arms necessary for carrying them into execution. Indeed it all amounted to little more than talk, and their meeting resulted in scarcely anything beyond the expression of the rancorous feelings which they fostered against the king and the duke. This was called the rye-house plot, from Rumbould's house of that name. All was discovered through a man of the name of Ruling, a salter, who, to save himself from the punishment of a crime of which he was accused, disclosed all the circumstances and the names of the persons engaged in it. This led to an investigation, and one after another, with the hope of saving themselves, confessed or confirmed the evidence of Ruling; but one Rumsey, besides this, gave information of the conspirators' meetings at

Shepherd's, and the result was that Grey and Howard were arrested. Howard had concealed himself in a chimney, and when taken, being a man of no principle, he at once gave information of his confederates, in the hope that by doing so he would secure both a pardon and reward. Essex, Sidney and Hampden were also apprehended, and others every day discovered and thrown into prison. Russell was sent to the Tower, but Monmouth absconded.

Subsequently many of the conspirators were executed, and this circumstance might be supposed to set all future rebellious feelings at rest; but not so. Lord Halifax, seeing how the duke's influence prevailed, resolved on having recourse to Monmouth, and to this end sought out and found his retreat, and prevailed on him to write to the king, expressing his penitence, and begging his forgiveness.

Charles was unable to withstand his son's pleadings, and with all the father in his heart invited him to come to court, an invitation which was promptly accepted; and when he arrived there the king did everything to effect a reconciliation between him and his brother James, who felt all these proceedings to be chiefly aimed at him, to prevent his succeeding Charles on the throne.

Confidence being thus established, Charles induced Monmouth to give him the whole history of the conspiracy and the conspirators, promising that his testimony should never be employed against his

friends. To this end he called an extra council, and told them that his son had expressed the greatest penitence for the part he had taken; had pledged his word never again to be engaged in anything of the kind; and published a paragraph to that effect.

Monmouth waited for his complete pardon, in prison, and then hastened to retrieve his character by denying this public statement; which so enraged the king that he ordered him to leave the kingdom, and all his confederates also.

Monmouth was Charles' eldest illegitimate son, and had been married some years to an amiable lady, who had borne him two children. She was devotedly attached to her husband, but unfortunately her love had never been returned. In his early youth Monmouth had entered deeply into the dissipations of his father's court, and in order to correct his profligate habits a marriage was negotiated between him and one of the ladies of the palace, a friend of the queen's, who, although living in an atmosphere so vicious, yet retained the most unblemished purity of character. Monmouth obeyed, mechanically, this wish of the king; but it failed to effect the desired reformation. He spent little of his time in the society of his wife, but gave himself up to every species of pleasure and gaiety, as before.

The Duchess of Monmouth bore the neglect and indifference with which she was treated, with mildness and resignation, until reports reached her that

another shared in the affection which should have been wholly hers.

Lady Wentworth was a young and beautiful baroness in her own right ; and on her presentation to the queen her beauty had completely captivated Monmouth.

The duchess had beheld with sorrow her husband's ill-advised measures and plottings to raise a rebellion, and would have raised her feeble voice against it ; but, knowing how vain and futile would be any attempt of the kind on her part, forbore. But his banishment from the kingdom filled her with the most unspeakable anguish, not only on account of his absence, but other causes.

Monmouth departed, but not alone. His voyage to Holland, whither he bent his steps, was cheered by the presence of Lady Wentworth, who forsook her parents and her duty to be his companion in exile.

Monmouth's object in going to Holland was to become the guest of William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange ; and they now having ceased to regard him as a rival, received him with every demonstration of regard.

Charles' banishment they considered an extremely severe measure ; while to Monmouth himself it appeared an evidence of not only a want of affection for him, but positive hatred. But this was a very mistaken idea ; and he was soon led to change



his opinion. For constant supplies of money reached him from Whitehall, followed by assurances that if no new cause of offence was given, he would speedily be recalled. It was also known that Charles never permitted any one to speak against his banished son in his presence, and in truth he mourned his absence more than any other, for he was his favorite son.

Monmouth's personal attractions were great, added to which were manners so blandly elegant that he soon became the reigning favorite among the gay society of the Hague.

Lady Wentworth lived in a beautiful retirement at Brabant, whither he often went; but whenever he did so his absence cast a gloom over everything that remained behind, and his return was welcomed with general joy. The unexpected kindness of his father filled his heart with delight; and balls and parties owed their highest charm to his gay spirits and presence. He introduced the country dance to the Dutch ladies, who in return taught him to skate on the canals. The Princess of Orange (Charles' eldest daughter by his first marriage) entered into this amusement with great spirit, eclipsing all the other ladies in the shortness of her dress, and the expertness of her movements, much to the astonishment of the English ministers, and the quiet inhabitants of the place.

Monmouth was the observed, however, of all

observers; and he was in truth an elegant looking and accomplished man. He was, moreover, a king's son, which fact gave him a precedence which none attempted to dispute.

Pleasure and ambition were the ruling elements of his character; and though toying with the hour, amid the festivities which on every side surrounded him, the defeat he had met with rankled deeply in his heart. Beneath the smiling surface of his handsome countenance a dark shadow rested on his soul; and a future often gleamed forth in brightness before him, as yet in embryo, it is true, and unknown to all save himself, but one on which he pondered with great delight, and allowed nothing to divert him from.

He sedulously, however, avoided the Whigs on all occasions, and this was construed by his old associates into a fickleness and an ingratitude on his part, which they little expected. But they did not read aright his motives. He longed incessantly to be released from his present banishment, and endeavored so to comport himself, that his father should hear nothing but favorable reports concerning him.

The malcontents, however, continued in heart the same as ever, and knowing the popularity of Monmouth, tried hard to enlist him in their restlessness, in some charge or other. But he refused, and stood aloof and determined amid all their solicitations. In the midst of these private machina-

tions Charles the Second died, mentioning on his deathbed each of his children but Monmouth.

Amid the gaiety of the Hague, where time was divided betwixt dancing and skating, news reached the exiled Duke of Monmouth of his father's death. And his grief, it is said, was perfectly overwhelming; he wept and sobbed during the whole night to such an excess that his cries were heard by all who lodged near him.

The next day he quitted the Hague; but the Prince and Princess of Orange, ere he did so, extorted from him a promise of never attempting anything against the government of England. On this they furnished him with all the money he required for his immediate necessities. This amiable prince and princess were actuated towards him by the kindest feelings; and seeing his grief on the death of the king, and pitying his banished, melancholy condition, they suggested—as their friendship, if continued to be openly expressed, would in all probability lead to a rupture with England and Holland—that he should repair to the imperial camp, as the war was then raging between the Hungarians and the Turks, and there he should be provided with means suitable for an English nobleman.

But Monmouth could not make up his mind to this; and turning his back on all their schemes, he sought the residence of Lady Wentworth, where he

resolved, as he had now no fears of his father's discovery, to yield to the suggestions of his heart.

He had some compunctious visitings of conscience for his desertion of his dutchess, but he quieted these misgivings by the words Lady Wentworth had so often spoken, that love like theirs was registered in heaven.

When he arrived at Brabant her transports were unbounded ; while tears checked the raptures which this joyful surprise occasioned, at seeing him look so pale and miserable from his late affliction.

Every former grievance was now forgotten by Monmouth. His grief for his father subsided under the influence of the devoted love of his Henrietta ; and forgetting the splendors which he had enjoyed at court, where he was its brightest ornament, the popularity that was his when at the head of a party, and the ambition which had wayed his heart while aspiring to a throne, he gave himself up to those softer feelings with her whom he deluded himself by regarding as his true wife in the sight of heaven ; since his present bonds were those of love, and that of his dutchess formed from obedience to his father only. But he was not suffered to enjoy this state of things long. Ferguson used all his arts to draw him from his retreat ; and Grey, whose poverty was most deplorable, and rendered him fit for any enterprise, however daring, joined in trying to persuade Monmouth to agree with them in forming



a plan for a descent upon England, as nothing but universal dissatisfaction was felt at James' being on the throne, as he was a papist; to all of which he turned a deaf ear, saying, he was so completely happy where he then was, that he wished for nothing more than to be left in its quiet possession. But those men were not to be discouraged by such romantic arguments, and love at length seconded the persuasions used to excite the ambition which they knew once so perfectly ruled in his breast. Lady Wentworth expressed her wish to see the man she loved king of England, offering him all she possessed to sustain a war, consisting of her diamonds and her rents; and yielding to the solicitation of her in whose smiles all his happiness was centred, he consented to enter again the lists he had been compelled to abandon, and once more become a candidate for the crown. Monmouth's marriage in early life he always termed a forced one, and, like all others of its class, where hands, not hearts were paired, it yielded no happiness. The result was that he sought those pleasures abroad which his home could not afford him. During his connection with Lady Wentworth conscience would often intervene, and press upon him the conviction that the connection was a sinful one; but he tried to justify himself by asserting the love that each felt for the other, and to express his belief that affection like theirs was sanctioned in heaven.

He went forth, therefore, a second time to con-

spire against the government of England, and under the pretext of trying to overthrow popery, in his inmost heart to endeavor to possess the crown, that she whom he so devotedly and entirely loved might share it with him.

This movement greatly delighted all the English living in exile for faults like his own, and they seized with avidity upon the idea of having him as their leader; and collecting in a body, they engaged and fitted out three large vessels, (which they pretended were to sail for the Canaries) to carry them to the British shores. The government of Amsterdam quietly and unsuspectingly allowed them to depart under this impression, notwithstanding the expostulations of Skelton, the English minister, who remonstrated warmly against it, doubting the motives ascribed to those who had lived there, and believing in some rebellious intentions towards Great Britain, tried to influence the admiralty to detain them. But this they refused, and Monmouth and his followers sailed off unmolested.

They had a wretched voyage, for the elements threatened, and several men-of-war vessels were seen cruising near them, which filled them with long and anxious fears. But Monmouth escaped both the storms and the enemy. They hailed the white cliffs of Albion as the scene they trusted of future success; and landing off Dorsetshire sent one Dare on shore at Taunton, to prepare the good people for what

was to take place, and to use the influence he possessed, which was considerable, in getting them to join the forthcoming rebellion against the government, for the purpose of overthrowing popery and once more establishing the Protestant religion in the nation, with Monmouth for their sovereign. This acted on all ranks like a charm. The cruelties which James had caused the Protestants to endure made them rise for such a movement, and in their hearts he was already hailed as their king, and all felt ready to fight for such a cause.

Monmouth and his party landed June 11th, 1685, at Lyme, a small town situated on a rocky, wild and sea-washed coast. In the days of the Plantagenets a pier of singular construction was erected there, being built of unhewn, uncemented stones. It was called a cob, and formed the only haven of the place, and was an anchorage for fishermen only, as ships rarely put in there, so that when the three vessels containing Monmouth and his party appeared in sight the inhabitants were perplexed beyond measure. The custom-house officers, as usual, had boarded them, but contrary to their usual practice, had not returned. This circumstance, in a small town, had flown like wild-fire, and wonderment filled every heart. The cliffs were covered with spectators, waiting anxiously for an explanation of these mysterious appearances. Soon large boats filled with persons put off from one of the ships, then another and another, and made for

the shore, among whom were Monmouth, Grey, Andrew Fletcher, a Scotchman, and *Ferguson*, Monmouth's tempter to this daring measure.

When they came on land Monmouth kneeled down and devoutly thanked God for his preservation of the friends of liberty and true religion during the perils of the voyage, and besought the divine blessing on the work they were about to engage in, in the nation's behalf, then drawing his sword he desired all to follow him into the town.

On his arrival, as soon as his intention was known, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, the most uproarious applause followed, and the Protestant religion and Monmouth shouted from all quarters; while down with the usurper James, issued from every mouth. A proclamation was read, desiring all military stores in the town to be deposited in the town-hall, and setting forth the nature of their expedition. Again burst forth shouts and acclamations, and again vociferated the inflated populace against James, calling him by every degraded epithet, and charging him with poisoning the late king, strangling Godfrey, and cutting the throat of Essex, ending with a resolve that the sword should never rest in its sheath till he was dethroned and executed.

All this was very encouraging and flattering to Monmouth and his party, and their hopes of success rose with every new instance of dislike to the king and his popish administration.



The form of government proposed by Monmouth took possession of all hearts. It was first for liberty, then for the Protestant religion, with a free toleration of all its sects and parties. Then parliaments were to be held annually, not subject to royal caprice as they were now, to be prorogued or dissolved at pleasure. The standing army abolished and a militia substituted in its place, to be commanded by sheriffs, and the sheriffs chosen by freeholders. All this readily found an echo in every heart, and to see him who thus stood forward as the champion of so many privileges, on the throne, was their greatest desire.

But Monmouth was considered illegitimate, this, they feared, would prove a barrier to their wishes. This he at once undertook to disprove, by showing satisfactorily that he was born in wedlock, and accordingly was the king by blood; but, that waiving its claim, he preferred being elected by a free parliament, and being made sovereign by the will and the hearts of the people, whom he sought alone to serve. In the meantime to be regarded as the enemy of popery, and having taking up arms, to effect its overthrow.

In view of all this he was almost idolized, and his followers entertained the most sanguine hopes of obtaining the destruction of the existing government, and carrying all before them.

Monmouth now began to assume his royal prerogative in the forms of state he caused to be observed towards him. Wherever he went the monarch

was to be acknowledged, and the dignity of his position duly recognised; and he was so much beloved by all ranks, that his wishes in this respect were met with alacrity, and performed with readiness and zeal. To Lady Wentworth this was highly gratifying, and she incited in every communication renewed ardour in the pursuit of a project which a second time, but for her, he never would have attempted.

The tory party consisted mostly of the nobility and gentry, but the middling classes clung to the views and feelings which Cromwell had established; and when it became known that Monmouth sought to establish a similar order of things, their enthusiasm at once burst forth. Multitudes poured forth to meet him, and the hedges for miles, as he passed through Devonshire, were lined with people, many strewing flowers and branches of trees in his way. Five thousand horsemen had joined him before he reached Exeter, where nine hundred young men, dressed in white, assembled to meet "the good Duke of Monmouth, the protestant duke," as he was called, and to rally around his standard. The fact that the nobility did not join him, had no effect upon them. He was the sovereign of their hearts, who, kept out of his legitimate rights, excited the warmest sympathy. Crowds were added to his forces, and before he had been on English ground three days he numbered fifteen hundred men as his adherents, ready to spill their last drop of blood in his cause.

He could hardly find clerks enough to take their names down sufficiently fast, so eagerly did they pour in upon him. And from Taunton news had arrived that all were for him there, and already forty horsemen had arrived. So far the promise of success was great. But another party were preparing to oppose the insurgents. June the 13th the red regiment of Dorsetshire sallied forth to meet the foe; and another regiment from Dorsetshire, with Sir W. Portman as colonel, marched in the same cause. Fletcher, the Scotchman, was appointed to command a company of cavalry under Grey; but being badly mounted, the horse he had having been used for farming purposes, he thought at such a time he was justified in taking a comrade's Rosinante, and accordingly took that of Dare, without once signifying his intention. Dare, as was very natural, resented this liberty, and abused him in no very measured terms. Fletcher bore it patiently, feeling its justice, till Dare insolently threatened him with a switch, and shook it at him; which so enraged the high-spirited and high-born Scot, that he took a pistol from his pocket and shot him dead on the spot.

This act produced great confusion in Monmouth's army, and excited the greatest indignation. The idea of killing a man for a few rude words and a threat, was monstrous; and there was a general cry for vengeance on the foreigner who had murdered an Englishman. Monmouth was unable to stay the

tumult, and Fletcher, who was very sorry for his hasty conduct, fled from the ranks, abandoned the cause altogether, and went to the continent on board the very ship which had brought him over. On his arrival he repaired to Hungary, and joining an army against Christendom, fought bravely against the enemy.

These two men were a great loss to Monmouth; but Lord Grey marched off with his regiment of cavalry against the opposite party at Bridgeport. They had a skirmish, but the insurgents were not victorious, and returned after it as soon as possible to Lyme.

This departure on the outset gave great offence to the Monmouth party, and they would have executed summary vengeance on him, had not the duke remonstrated with his usual good-natured mildness, and explained the disadvantages Grey labored under, in having an untrained cavalry to contend with, and that it was impossible for any one to succeed under such circumstances—which was indeed true.

New recruits poured in daily from every quarter, and exercising arms and drilling occupied all their time. The news, therefore, was soon spread and sent to London, that a rebellion had commenced.

An army with Christopher Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and son to George Monk, restorer of the Stuarts, consisting of four thousand, was raised, with which it was thought the insurgents would at



once be put down; and to this end he marched towards Lyme. On the 15th of June he reached Axminster, but there he found the rebels drawn up to oppose him.

The enemy presented a very formidable appearance, the hedges being lined with musketeers. But in numbers Albemarle's army far exceeded the rebels. Still he doubted, and feared the issue; for he knew how the whole common people were prepossessed in favor of Monmouth. He therefore soon retreated, leaving the rebels in possession of the field; and the routed army in their flight left the ground covered with their arms and uniforms.

This advantage, slight as it was, wonderfully encouraged and delighted Monmouth and his party; and it was suggested by his officers to press on to Exeter, and take it at once. Monmouth could not be brought to agree to this measure, as he argued, and justly, that his troops required more training, being composed mostly of persons wholly unused to arms.

His moderation and judgment on every occasion greatly raised him in the estimation of his followers, although acting so frequently against their wishes; which, had he listened to, would have plunged them into the most deplorable circumstances. But in all things he felt himself the ruler and the monarch; which imparted that degree of dignity to his character, always so imposing in a superior. He therefore

swayed their feelings, as the lightest breeze the aspen's foliage—calm and noiseless, yet reaching its most delicate and distant fibres. His next move was towards Taunton, where they halted on the 18th of June.

But while these proceedings were going forward, the news of Monmouth's landing had reached the king by a letter from the mayor of Lyme, in which he described the conduct of the rebels, their implication of his character, as read in the proclamation in the market-place, and the measures which had followed.

The king, on receiving it, immediately called a privy council, the result of which was that every company of foot and cavalry should at once be increased. Monmouth was declared guilty of high treason, and all his followers. Meanwhile addresses from the king's loyal subjects poured in from all quarters, assuring him of their fidelity and affection, and their resolution to defend him in every attempt made against his government and person.

A bill of attainder soon followed the meeting of the privy council, by both houses of parliament, and the sum of five thousand pounds was offered as a reward for the apprehension of Monmouth, as a rebel, and the leader of a rebellion against the crown and government.

Monmouth meanwhile was at Taunton, enjoying in perspective the prosperous issue of his enterprise,

for a double energy to his plans was imparted to him through the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of that then important town, where to a man all were attached to the system which Cromwell had introduced forty years before. Amid suffering and privation they had stood by him; and though the restoration had succeeded, in their hearts they remained firm to the principles he had established; and when Monmouth appeared amongst them, as one who sought to revive what he had fought for, their joy burst forth in uncontrollable bursts of delight, and they decorated their houses and their persons in wreaths, arches and boughs of evergreen.

One of their beloved townsmen, named Joseph Allaire, a pious divine, who wrote several religious tracts, had greatly suffered for the sincerity and attachment he expressed for the non-conformists during Cromwell's time, for which he was thrown into jail by the victorious cavaliers. From thence he addressed several letters to his beloved friends in Taunton, expressive of his resignation to the will of heaven, and his love for those who took such a lively interest in his behalf.

He died, at length, worn out by the study, toil, and privation he endured, deeply lamented by a large number, who cherished his memory with feelings of the deepest gratitude and veneration for the instruction he had given them, and the fidelity he cherished to the last.

Years had passed since this had occurred, but their feelings had deepened with the lapse of time, and hope renewed again the visions that had long lain dormant in their breasts.

Young ladies wrought banners for the noble army which, under the name of insurgents, they trusted, were on their way to victory. One in particular was embroidered purposely for the duke, on which were beautifully inscribed the emblems of royalty. This a party of lovely girls presented to Monmouth themselves, who received it with that winning and graceful courtesy for which he was remarkable. The procession was headed by a lady more matured than the others, who presented him with a Bible richly embellished with gold; when taking it reverently, he exclaimed with fervor, "I come to defend the truths contained in this holy book, and to seal them, if necessary, with my blood."

From the lower and middle ranks of life Monmouth's popularity was principally derived. The higher classes not only stood aloof, but expressed themselves in the warmest terms hostile to his proceedings. This annoyed, and often depressed him; but thoughts of her he loved still spurred him on, and the happiness inwoven with his ultimate success lent an energy and an impetus to his actions, which any other circumstance connected with his enterprise would have failed to produce, especially this disaffection of the nobility and gentry so deeply expressed towards him.



Still, with all this popularity of the middling and lower classes, in distant towns all remained quiet. His presence seemed requisite to excite the people and keep up their enthusiasm. Around the blue flag waving to the summer breeze, had rallied, at Lyme and Taunton, people of every trade, persuasion, and profession; but not one scion of nobility, not one member of the House of Commons. How was this to be accounted for? Ferguson suggested the answer. In the position he had taken, he appeared only as the leader of a rebel army fighting against the crown. Who of them would desire to be considered as a follower in such a cause? Few, if any, he contended. "Assert," said he, "your claims as king; this will give a new face to things altogether, and indicate the rights for which you are now preparing to make war."

Monmouth's case, to every rightly judging mind, must present a most pitiable aspect. In no one act had he been led by his own will. From the first the advice of others had swayed him, and was likely to to the last. The clearness and forethought which individual and unwarped reason gives birth to, was in his case entirely gone. The tool of others he had commenced, and so he was to continue. Ferguson's views were at once adopted, and on the morning of the 20th of June he was proclaimed the rightful sovereign of England, under the name of King Monmouth; the Christian name being waived, as, the



reigning monarch being called James, and Monmouth also, the reason was obvious why the rule of kings was in this instance changed.

His first act after this proclamation was, to send forth several proclamations, headed with his sign manual, and in one of them actually set a price on the head of James; in another he declared the Parliament to be an unlawful body, and commanded them to disperse; another ordered the people to withhold paying any more taxes to the usurper; the fourth proclaimed Albemarle a traitor, for having risen in arms against the rightful sovereign.

When the king and privy council saw these proclamations, which had been immediately forwarded to London, they regarded them with contempt, and wondered at the folly that had suggested them, while the people who composed his own followers looked upon this assumption of royalty in anything but a favorable light. He had pledged himself, only a week before, never to claim the crown but as a free offering from his victorious partisans; his word, therefore, was broken, and their respect for him sunk accordingly. A leader in any cause should be most tenacious of his honor; the enthusiasm of nature is based on the highest principle of truth, and the avowed champion of the Bible should have held sacred the grand basis of its holy teachings.

Monmouth's policy was not understood, or known to them; and those for whose favor he had pursued

such a perfidious course still stood aloof, and were disregardful of his proceedings; not, however, from feelings of loyalty to James; far from it, but he, being now an old man, and his eldest daughter a Protestant, and married to a prince who was at the head of the Protestants on the Continent, they looked forward, at the demise of the king, to the quiet possession of every thing the nation could wish in the successor to the crown. To avoid the war which Monmouth's claims entailed had led them to withhold from him their countenance or support, as they felt, in the natural course of things, that time would restore all they desired; their pride too a little revolted at his pretensions; and the old nobility shrunk from the idea of an *illegitimate* scion of royalty filling the English throne. Another reason, made by those more calculating than the rest, was, that if Monmouth proved successful, a war between him and the House of Orange was inevitable, more bitter, and perhaps more lasting than that which existed so long between the Roses. Eventuating, it might be, in a series of incalculable miseries; breaking up, in all probability, the Protestants of Europe, and causing hostile divisions among them; then creating a war, perhaps, between Holland and England, which might cause both to fall into the hands of France. With these ultimations before them, many, even of the leading Whigs, wished any thing but success to Monmouth, whose victory must, they feared, of necessity

entail endless hostilities on the nation, and his defeat was infinitely, on that account, more desirable than the triumphant issue he contemplated.

There was only one thing which consoled Monmouth under this continued disaffection of the aristocratic whigs, and that was, he thought that the people of England hated popery, and had, when he last appeared before them, manifested the greatest attachment to him for his Protestant principles. His mind was filled with the hope, during the whole of his voyage, that as soon as they heard of his arrival they would at once raise up in his behalf, but, with all this show of affection for him, notwithstanding his intentions had been transmitted immediately to his former faithful adherents, and they promised to join him, they still remained quiet without making one effort in his cause.

Their bravery, like that of many others, when danger is at a distance, vanished like the early dew before the morning sun, when it became near ; and they began to feel the value of peace, and to estimate its privileges, by contrasting it with the horrors attendant on a civil war. Excuses were poured forth from all quarters, and faithlessness vindicated to a leader who had, with such apparent levity, broken his solemn pledge to his followers without one feeling of either remorse or shame.

## CHAPTER II.

On assuming the regal title Monmouth passed through Taunton, Frome, and Bridgewater. But it was evident with little elation at his new honors. His handsome features, on the contrary, bore the impress of both depression of spirits and mental suffering. Five years had elapsed since he had last appeared before them engaged in the same cause, but what a great change had taken place. A marked and oppressive melancholy was visible, which greatly affected the faithful people, who still regarded him with feelings of the deepest affection and admiration, and wherever he appeared rent the air with shouts and acclamations, and forgot with his presence whatever might have offended them before. There is something in a devoted peasantry exceedingly touching. Men of the world are most generally guided by worldly expectations of gain or hopes of aggrandisement in their actions, but a guileless peasantry are led solely by the heart. Surrounded by rural influences and nature's loveliness, when summer bloom spreads her mantle of beauty o'er hill and glade, and wood and grove were vocal with songs of harmony

and love, Monmouth was peculiarly alive to the feelings which the scenes and circumstances so naturally called forth ; and the devotion of those tillers of the soil caused more sadness than rejoicing. Had he the prospect of requiting their faithfulness and zeal it would have been different, but they had more love than strength ; and if they failed, how fearful was the result ! He looked to that side more than to the other.

The gloom, I have generally thought, which overshadows the spirit, is often prophetic. Perhaps it would be well sometimes to listen to its wail and behold in it a warning for the future. But Monmouth was the tool of others.

In Bridgewater a few whig magistrates and aldermen came forth in their robes to welcome his approach, and to form a procession, which halted at the cross, and then proclaimed him king. The people there also furnished his troops handsomely, providing them with every abundance at a trifling expense. They were stationed at the Castle field, the duke himself occupying the castle, always the residence of royalty when visiting the town.

Monmouth, however, labored under great disadvantages. His army consisted of six thousand men, and double that number would have enrolled themselves as his followers, but he had no armory for them. All he brought with him from the Continent were already in the hands of his soldiers, and those




who joined them now had to provide themselves with such implements as they used on their farms or in their trades, as no others could be obtained. Large scythes were fastened to long poles, and all the country was put in requisition for them, yet enough could not be found to meet the demand, and thousands, on this account, had to give up their hopes of fighting for one to whom, in heart and soul, they were so much bound.

It will be readily supposed that his army made but a poor appearance. Many of them wearing their civil dress, resembling workmen going to labor more than soldiers, while the cavalry, mounted on half broken colts, presented a forlorn spectacle indeed to build hopes of success upon; for the firing of a gun frightened them into such disorder that often they became perfectly unmanageable. Yet Ferguson was all elation and spirit, encouraging Monmouth to proceed, infusing courage and enthusiasm into the soldiery, laughing at the government for putting a price on the head of a man who defied them and all their power, and inciting with all these disadvantages one, who left to his own judgment, would have abandoned all further hopes of success in his enterprise, with the aid before him, and fled. But Ferguson's wishes blinded his reason, or assuredly he would have acted a different part. He was a dissenter, and had been a preacher, and longed above all things to destroy the popish administration of James the Second.

Forty young men, well mounted at their own expense, composed the body-guard of Monmouth, who delighted in the service in which they had enlisted. Thus was mingled in the bitter cup many sweets from which the duke derived energy to proceed, while Lady Wentworth's commendations breathed all the poetry of the most devoted affection, and described her sole joy to consist in the night dream she had fostered, of seeing him possessor of the crown and throne of England, and sharing it with her. Monmouth's chief interest lay in Somersetshire; and from his friends in Bridgewater especially he had been supplied with some money for the contingencies of war. But beyond Somersetshire the royal armies were in active preparation, with persons at their head whose influence was of a most formidable description. Wealth and rank united their forces, and commotion pervaded every section of the country.

The Duke of Beaufort, a staunch loyalist, headed an army on the north-east, a man whose vast wealth and popularity resembled the barons who flourished in so much power in the nineteenth century, and who, on this occasion, enlisted all within his command for the support of the crown. And that interest combined in itself four counties, of which he was Lord Lieutenant, besides being President of Wales, where also the name of Beaufort rallied around him its stalwart peasantry and its flour-



ishing yeomen. The force he possessed was enormous, for he might be said almost to be regarded in the light of a sovereign of his vast dominions; moving about wherever he went with scarcely less pomp than royalty itself. His household was conducted on the same magnificent scale, and the elegance and splendor of his abode at Badmington is said to have been grand and imposing in the highest degree. Some idea of it may be formed from his spreading wine tables every day for the entertainment of at least two hundred persons. His steward had under his command a large number of pages and gentlemen; a troop of cavalry were at the service of the master of the horse, while the kitchen and cellar appointments were without a parallel in that part of the country. All these things tended to a widespread celebrity of the Duke of Beaufort's magnificence, while his character for affability and amiability were universally acknowledged. And this man, with his great power, stood prepared to give battle to Monmouth, whom he regarded in the light of an impertinent invader of the nation and the rights of sovereignty; and the Duke of Albemarle also had summoned a body of the Devonshire militia, which he stationed on the west of the rebel army; and on the east were the trainbands of Wiltshire, commanded by the Earl of Pembroke. Bristol was occupied by the trainbands of Gloucestershire, stationed there by the Duke of Beaufort. Added to these, the Sus-

sex militia commenced their march westward, under Lord Lumly, who, though himself a Protestant, recently converted from Catholicism, was still a royalist, and unhesitatingly took his post as a defender of his king. The Earl of Abingdon headed the Oxfordshire company, and the Bishop of Oxford and Dean of Christ Church called out all the undergraduates of the University to a man, to unite in arms for the support of the monarch at this crisis, who, obeying his wishes on the instant, crowded at once to give their names, full of enthusiastic zeal in the cause of their king, and respect for their commander. Christ Church yielded nearly two hundred musketeers and pikemen, while the noblemen and gentlemen were appointed to act as officers to them.

Monmouth's strength, when compared to the royalists, therefore presented an inequality of the most startling character, and nothing but the success of Cromwell in a similar undertaking, could have induced his party to proceed. But Cromwell and Monmouth's characters were widely different. Cromwell's whole heart was in the cause for which he fought: no secondary consideration swayed him, no voice or mind of another purposed for him. His gigantic intellect grasped the idea, and then organized his plans, with system and forethought for their accomplishment, with that soul-like energy which persons filled with the high responsibilities of elevated situations can alone appreciate. The step he had taken seemed



a duty he owed his country and his God. His conscience might be said to impel his every action, and to it was owing the perfect order which reigned among troops, that, like their master, saw God's approval in all they did.

He was styled a fanatic, from the religious zeal which characterized all his doings. Many have questioned his sincerity, and attributed the vilest hypocrisy to all his actions. But hypocrisy was never known to produce such results. The sanctity of his soldiers, the humanity and propriety which distinguished them from all others of their class, has been and will be handed down to posterity while the world stands. Cromwell went forth to battle with a singleness of mind which rarely fails in its object, while Monmouth, with the *enjoyment* of the *end* only in view, looked more to *chance* than *means* for success; to the gratification of the ambitious desires of a vain and foolish woman, more than to any beneficial issue, either to the nation or himself. But his followers saw in him another Cromwell, and his good fortune stimulated and cheered their every movement, and excited hopes against all possible suggestions to the contrary.

Monmouth continued to delay taking any decisive step, which of course was giving every chance to the king to collect, from all quarters, his regular troops. In addition to those already cited, two regiments, commanded by Feversham and



Churchill, were marching from London towards Somersetshire, to meet the rebel army; and despatches had been sent to Holland, ordering Skelton to request that the three English regiments stationed there, in the Dutch service, might be sent immediately to England. The Prince of Orange, on hearing this rebellious movement of Monmouth, was much struck, and his own interest being as much at stake as that even of the king himself, lost no time in giving information to the authorities of Amsterdam of the necessities which had caused this demand, and to urge their immediate compliance with the royal request. They demurred greatly at first, but finally agreed, and in a few days the troops sailed for the port of London.

This arrival gave great delight to the king, but though they had come ostensibly to serve him, in their hearts they loved the cause of Monmouth, being most of them Protestants, and therefore hating Popery. During their private or social meetings, when the hilarity of the hour caused them to forget that on all sides spies surrounded them, they drank Monmouth's health. Two of them, who had given utterance to the toast, were informed against, and the result was that one was hanged, and the other barbarously and severely flogged, as examples to the others. Their disaffection to the king was by these means greatly increased, so much so that it was not deemed advisable to send them against the insur-

gents. They were therefore retained in London, to supply the places of others before stationed there, who were altogether loyalists, and who were dispatched to join the other regiments towards Bridgewater.

While the king thus went on strengthening his forces from every possible source, every means to weaken those of Monmouth were used. A great number of whigs were arrested and thrown into prison, lest they might form an addition to his army. Men of wealth and standing, and leading blameless lives, without one hostile movement towards the government, were among those who, torn from their families, and their occupations and pleasures, were incarcerated because they were in favor of the Protestant religion, and from that cause were supposed to be friends of Monmouth.

All London at that time wore an aspect of gloom; every kind of business was suspended, the theatres were deserted, and the most talented representations of no account. The realities which surrounded the people were of too saddening a nature to allow their minds to be interested in anything of an imaginary character. The English are deep thinkers, and unlike their French neighbors, amusement under any circumstances is rarely made a business; with them it is the recreation of an idle hour, and hence the different character of their amusements. Gravity is the characteristic of both the music and the enter-

tainments of the French people, though themselves lively even to levity ; while the English, who are in reality a grave people, are proverbial for their mirth-loving propensities.

The dissenters throughout the nation suffered great persecution, and prisons were filling fast with the unhappy victims ; every minister feared, however innocent of hostile feelings to the government, and however blameless his conduct, that he would be rent from his home and family, and thrown into jail. That of Oxford was already full of these unhappy culprits, as they were called, where they languished, with no hope before them in the event of Monmouth's defeat.

Churchill arrived at Bridgewater, and at once commenced harassing the enemy. Monmouth, on seeing this, thought it advisable to leave Bridgewater, and with his army commenced the march. Churchill with his regiment followed ; they were a small number compared with that of Monmouth's troops, but their leader was a skilful general, and under his orders they annoyed the insurgents greatly. Added to this, the roads were extremely muddy and heavy ; for a night's rain, refreshing and grateful to the parched herbage in the highest degree, had so drenched everything that they were unable to make much progress. A day's march only brought them as far as Glastonbury, where they halted for the night. Here they found much difficulty in getting accom-

modations, for the town was small, and houses of entertainment few ; they were therefore obliged to sleep in barns and out-houses, and many of them in the abbey, then fallen into decay, and amid its ivied walls and cloisters, now become the abode of owls and bats, to seek the only place of shelter that remained to them for their tired limbs to rest in. In the morning they again collected, and, amid the good wishes of all the unsophisticated dwellers of the town and country around, who regarded Monmouth as the defender of all that was dear to their hearts, they sat out with a view of first laying siege at Bristol, as he thought it high time to organise some plan of action. Many whigs, he knew, of high standing, holding important situations, resided there. The garrison was not very formidable, consisting only of the Trainbands of Gloucestershire. The Duke of Beaufort's muster of peasantry and yeomanry might, he thought, be easily vanquished before the king's soldiers could arrive. So with this pleasant hope they marched vigorously forward ; as, in the event of achieving this victory, their pecuniary means would be greatly augmented, and this defeat add that degree of glory to their enterprise which would act on the country like magic, and cause those whigs who had felt reluctant to join him through fear, to flock at once to his standard.

The fortifications on the north of Bristol were very weak on the Gloucestershire side, while those



towards Somersetshire, on the south, presented an aspect of great strength. It was concluded, therefore, to make the attack on the north side, but difficulties attended the measure; the Somersetshire side was only five miles from Pensford, where they then were, while the north side, towards Gloucestershire, would take a whole day's march to reach, and they would have to take a circuitous route to Keynsham across the Aron, once a bridge which had been nearly broken down by militia, and rendered too dangerous to venture upon. They had therefore to wait until the bridge was repaired.

Monmouth's partizans in Bristol had been informed of his intentions, and great tumult prevailed among them. All was anxiety and expectation. He was almost in sight of the city, and the whole night they determined to watch for his coming. As some of them wandered about the quay, towards sunset, a cry of fire sounded through the shipping, and the greatest consternation and terror in a short time prevailed. The shipping was of great extent, and one of the vessels, amid that forest of masts, was enveloped in flames and smoke. The alarm soon spread, thousands flocked to assist and witness the alarming spectacle, completely absorbed in contemplating the awful result of its spreading. The streets were filled with citizens hastening to the spot, and the river was filled with boats. The whole town was in commotion. Cries of war, treason, fire, murder,



rang through the excited multitude, but amid all the confusion and uproar, none of Beaufort's men stirred. The news of Monmouth's intention had become known, and they had received their commander's orders to remain quiet, for that he would sooner see the whole city consumed than that traitors should possess it. The fire was supposed to have been artfully contrived by Monmouth's friends, who imagined the imminent danger which such a circumstance threatened would call, not only all the civil, but all the military force together by surprise and fear, and thus facilitate Monmouth's project of entering the city while they were thus scattered. But Beaufort's generalship was not thus to be diverted; he too kept watch all night on the banks of the Avon, and his strength had been considerably increased by the arrival of a troop of cavalry from Cheppenheim, by which he hoped to suppress the insurrection, both within and without the gates; but all remained quiet, the fire had been extinguished, and the citizens had quietly dispersed.

Monmouth had remained, with a great part of his troops, at Pensford, from which he had seen the fire; he kept there till the morning dawned, and then set forth for Keynsham, where, the bridge being repaired, they could have passed over, but he thought it advisable to let his army rest until evening, and when the shadows of night had closed in, to proceed to Bristol and make the attack.

All this delay was against Monmouth; the king's troops, horse and foot regiments, were close on him. The first that arrived at Keynsham was one commanded by Col. Oglethorpe, who at once dashed in among the rebels, and on their trying to oppose him, inflicted great injury and produced great discomfiture among them. They were only two hundred in number, and having accomplished their object, retired with very little damage on their part.

This attack, with the knowledge that the royal troops were near at hand, changed Monmouth's views with regard to taking Bristol altogether. Had he commenced before they arrived it would have been different, but now he saw nothing but failure in the attempt. His spirits were much depressed, and abandonment would have been his choice, had not Ferguson, with his usual tempting and exciting language, caused him to rally and form new plans for the future. The first of which was to march forward to Gloucestershire, cross the Severn, and on their arrival on the opposite side, immediately demolish the bridge, and by this means effectually prevent the enemy from following. Then proceed along the banks of the river till they reached Worcestershire, and from thence march on to Shropshire and Cheshire. The end proposed in doing this was to gain troops, as in these counties he knew the sentiments of the people were favorable towards him. But to plan is one thing and to execute another; his

army were in anything but a condition for such a course, their shoes were much worn by their marches through the mud on the preceding days, and followed, as they knew they would be, by the enemy; under these disadvantages and the fatigue they felt, they opposed the proposition so eloquently, that Monmouth yielded. Beside, they argued, if the king's troops, now so far outnumbering his, were to press after them in order to bring them to battle, all hopes of success were entirely over, as they must be overpowered. What they required more than anything was a muster, as nothing farther could be done if their number was not increased. Some of Monmouth's followers from the county of Wiltshire expatiated largely on the interest the people felt for him there, and suggested marching immediately in that direction, as the best thing they could do. Grey and Ferguson approved of the suggestion, and the duke, ever ready to rely more on the judgment of others than his own, readily coincided with them. Having decided thus, they commenced their march, and reaching Bath, concluded to make an attack, but a strong garrison having already been made by the king's forces, they had to give up that idea. Fevershaw's troops they also found fast approaching, so again they marched forward till the evening, when reaching Philips-Norton they resolved to remain and rest for the night.

To this place Lord Fevershaw followed them,

coming in sight about day-break; they at once collected, and to prevent his entering lined the hedges on either side of the entrance to the town. First came the advanced guard of the royal army, with his brother, the Duke of Grafton at their head—eldest son of the Duchess of Cleveland; he wore a very determined and resolute air, with manners rough and unpolished in the highest degree. He was some years younger than Monmouth, but seemed resolved that no consideration of consanguinity should influence him, and he marched boldly forward through the lane, embowered with trees, whose thick foliage prevented his seeing anything through them. Behind these the rebel army poured forth a constant volley of musketry, but undismayed they marched on to the town, where a barricade arrested their further progress, and a heavy fire poured again into their ranks, completely discomfited them, and a thousand or more being killed, Grafton, with all the rebels opposition, cut his way through and fled.

This small victory gave renewed courage to Monmouth; and the royal guard being thus routed, joined the main body of the king's forces, and the armies again met. A few shots were exchanged, but neither sought to give battle. Fevershaw thought it advisable to wait until the militia should join him, and retreated a short distance, to a place called Bradford. Thus closed another day; and



when night came Monmouth set forward towards Frome, in Somersetshire, to gain new troops, as he knew he was popular there. This was true, but disappointment awaited him notwithstanding. He was proclaimed king a few days before in the market-place, and the news reaching the Earl of Pembroke, who being near at hand with the Wiltshire militia, marched at once to Frome, dispersed the rustics who had risen in opposition to him, and took away all the scythes and pitchforks with which they had armed themselves. Not content with this, he seized on all the arms of the inhabitants, so that not a weapon remained in the town, and Monmouth had none to give them.

This produced a general panic. Wearied with fatigue of body, from the heavy marching of the preceding night through a country saturated from the quantities of rain which had fallen, almost bare-foot, and now this sad disappointment to contend with, their spirits almost entirely failed them. But their beloved commander's presence still encouraged them, though no cheering news from Wiltshire, that last hope, had reached them. Thus every thing wore a dreary aspect, and many a brave heart sunk before this array of dark appearances. Monmouth seemed absolutely overcome with despair, and reproached himself and his advisers in the most bitter terms. His lovely retirement at Brabant rose in all its beauty of peaceful quiet, and



happy love, in sad contrast to the present perilous situation in which he was placed; and he would have fled at once, leaving all behind him, had not the expostulations of Ferguson and Lord Grey prevented. They represented the miserable condition of his faithful followers if he did so, and the certain doom which would be theirs on being left to the mercy of the enemy. And what a return for their having left their peaceful dwellings, their smiling corn-fields and happy families, to follow and serve him. His feelings were touched, and he resolved, come what might, to stand to his cause and to them to the last.

Feversham, it was reported, had been joined by reinforcements, and was advancing to meet him; but his troops had received no addition, the only hope which had sustained him for several days. Under these discouragements the insurgents knew not what to plan, what course to take, but their decision was made by a most unexpected and cheering event. News reached them that the peasantry at Axbridge had become excited by hearing of his champeonage in the cause of the Protestant religion, and had risen *en masse* to meet him at Bridgewater, armed with their most formidable farm weapons, such as pitchforks, pikes, scythes, bludgeons and flails. This was indeed cheering. They at once resolved to go forth to meet these gallant spirits, and commenced their march back again to Bridgewater. On their way

they passed through Wells, where, in order to provide themselves with bullets, they tore the lead from the roof of the Catholic cathedral there, and not content with this, defaced the building by other acts which no necessity sanctioned. In the excited state of their feelings, which the sight of this Papal edifice called forth, they would even have torn down the altar, had not some of their leaders interposed, and stood before it, sword in hand, to protect it. From Wells they proceeded to Bridgewater, but the expectations they had formed were again doomed to disappointment, as, on their arrival, they found the number exceedingly small in comparison with the anticipations they had indulged in respecting this addition to their troops.

The royal army was very near, consisting of two thousand five hundred regulars and fifteen hundred militia from Wiltshire; and the fifth of July, on the early dawn of a Sabbath morning, they proceeded from Somerton to the plain of Sedgemoor, which stood about three miles from Bridgewater. A Protestant bishop accompanied them—the bishop of Winchester. When young he had fought in the army of Charles the First against Cromwell, and now, though in the vale of years, his loyalty, and perhaps a love of martial glory still lingering in his heart, caused him to present himself in the king's camp, with a purpose that did honor to himself and his Christian calling. He thought his presence might

stimulate those who, vacillating between Papacy and Protestantism, might take heart and save themselves from the fate which he saw but too probably awaited the rebels. The enemy's position being communicated to Monmouth, still in the town of Bridgewater, he, with Grey and Ferguson, went up in the church tower, one of exceeding height, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, to see the encampment, where, with the aid of a telescope, he beheld them all.

### CHAPTER III.

Sedgemoor, as its name imports, was at one time a complete marsh. The parent river ran through it, and when the rains were heavy it overflowed its banks to a considerable extent: and this place was probably selected by the king's army from that cause, as we have it upon record that this ground had prevented two armies in succession from invading the country—"the Celts against the kings of Wessex," and the Danes when pursuing Alfred. At that time boats were used to cross it, as it presented the appearance of a large pool or lake, and the treacherous nature of the soil rendered it unsafe for strangers to attempt fording it, as in some parts it would swallow up whatever rested on it; so that no one dared venture to cross it at such seasons, without such assistance. There were several islets, covered with sedge and wild marsh shrubs, where swine and deer herded, and not many years before this period the traveller who wished to visit Bridgewater had to take a circuitous route to avoid this

dangerous place. When Monmouth, however, visited it, many improvements had taken place; it had been partially drained, and on several parts of the moor villages and village churches could be distinctly seen. The names given them were indicative of their watery situation heretofore, one of them being western Zoyland, where Feversham, with the royal troops of cavalry lay. This was his head-quarters, and an old woman now living there knew the girl who waited on him, a circumstance corroborated by several of her aged neighbors, by whom are also shown, in a state of high preservation, part of the dinner service from which he ate.

The historian, in travelling through Somersetshire, will find relics like these frequently, among a people of almost primitive simplicity, where generation after generation occupying the same farm, traditions and circumstances have been handed down, till their memories furnished data and events of the most interesting character to those who seek a knowledge of the past.

At another village, called Middlezoy, a company of militia took up their quarters, from Wiltshire, under the command of Col. Lord Pembroke; and on the open part of Sedgemoor were several of the king's troops of infantry. Monmouth surveyed all these from the town, with a fainting spirit; for what were his simple, untutored followers to those who



had been trained to the service of war? True, there was no lack of zeal in the hearts of those who had left their all to serve him, and now stood ready to stake their lives in the battle that was so soon to commence; but in the ranks of the enemy he could discern many who had been with him when they drove the defenders of Bothwell bridge from their posts, dispersing them, in their blind enthusiasm, like mist before the sun. There stood, too, the very men called Dumbarton's regiment, whose known bravery had distinguished them all over the world. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "did they but fight in my cause, my fears would soon vanish, and confidence impart to my sinking soul the comfort and consolation I now seek in vain. Henrietta," he soliloquised, "in how fearful a position has my love for you placed me!"

The three stations of the enemy were, Zoyland, where the cavalry were quartered; at Middlezoy, some leagues distant, stood a company of militia; and near Chedzoy, another village, were the regular troops. Their being so far apart, Monmouth considered by no means unfavorable to him, and something like a feeling of hope arose in his breast as he surveyed their divided ranks. Their thin appearance indicated, he thought, a careless negligence widely different from what might be expected from people on the eve of battle; and reports had reached Bridge-

water that the soldiers under Feversham were indulging in large potations of the cider which that part of the country produced in such abundance.

Monmouth descended from the tower, notwithstanding the favorable observations he tried to think he had made, with a sad, foreboding heart; and on consulting with Grey and Ferguson, concluded to make the attack in the night. Meanwhile his troops had collected in the grounds of the castle, and forming into bands, had commenced religious exercises suitable to the day. The weather was beautiful, and all nature breathed of loveliness and hope. And as their voices joined in the hymns and psalms they selected for the occasion, it filled the air with their rude though earnest vocalization. Ferguson addressed the assembled multitude with his characteristic ardor, and his very text contained a prayer that the cause of right might prevail. "The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, he knoweth, and Israel shall know. If it be in rebellion, or in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day."

The righteousness of their cause, therefore, he had at least fully established, and doubted not for a moment that victory would crown their brows at the outset. Monmouth remained in the castle, surveying the scene from the windows, a prey to anxiety; for he felt the crisis was approaching, and in the event of failure how fearful were the consequences to himself and these brave and faithful

followers! Far different were the feelings of Feversham and Churchill, at Zoyland. Feversham, in particular, was indulging in every luxury he could command, and treating his fellow subordinate officers with that cold and haughty caprice which distinguished his character, and withholding that degree of confidence necessary on such occasions; as his success in previous battles justified him not only to trust, but consult and advise with them in their present position. This conduct from a man whom Churchill thoroughly despised, would, in other circumstances, have been resented as it became a gentleman and an officer, but prudential considerations for the future urged him to stifle his feelings; as he knew how disadvantageous such a report to the king would operate, and whenever one was sent informing him of their proceedings, Feversham would have to send it. By this means he obtained what he desired, for Feversham praised his conduct highly in his official communication to James, and Churchill stood high, in consequence, in the royal favor.

While these things were going on without Bridgewater, the town itself was full of sorrowing and broken-hearted women, who had come from different parts of the country to see their relatives; some of which belonged to the king's forces, and some to Monmouth's. Beautiful girls were among them, in search of their lovers. Mothers with their babes had

travelled long and weary miles to see their husbands. Sisters seeking their brothers, daughters their beloved fathers, presented a spectacle which the stoutest heart could not behold unmoved. Tears and lamentations were only heard, for the contiguity of the two armies had spread through the different counties, watching with the deepest interest their every movement, and immediate battle they knew was now to follow. Their relatives would soon be engaged in a struggle of life and death, and the wretchedness and anxiety it occasioned may be imagined only by those who have been similarly circumstanced. A great many wandered to the Castle-fields, to gain a look, if possible, of their relatives who belonged to the rebel army, and there beheld preachers, in red coats, with swords by their sides, engaged in services they trusted the Almighty would recognize, and spare the lives of those who were about to fight in his cause. And Monmouth himself—by not only Lady Wentworth were tears and prayers poured forth for him—his wife, whom he had slighted and forsaken, with woman's faithful and unchanging love in her heart, still clung to the companion of her youth, still hoped against hope for the affection she believed once all her own. How ardently she prayed and trusted for his success! while Lady Wentworth, full of but one object, from day to day yielded herself up to a belief, so natural to persons of strong feelings, especially when nursed in solitude, (where enthusiasm assumes the right



over excited imaginations,) that Monmouth must be successful, and become, in consequence, England's acknowledged sovereign—king of the nation's hearts, as he was the idol of her own. His letters fostered these delusive ideas, even when his soul was sinking within him at the discouragements which met him on every side; but he knew how dreadful a thing suspense was, and therefore brightened as much as possible a future for her, whose present admitted of no pleasure beyond the prospective of his triumphs, as she was separated from her family and continued to live in the beautiful retirement they occupied together, alone; living upon the news she received from time to time of his movements; and among her birds, books, and flowers, diverting her mind by creating visions of future splendor and happiness, that was to re-pay her for all the anxiety and sorrow this separation had caused her.

The sun set in beauty over the smiling landscape, now redolent with summer bloom, but nature's loveliness inspired no joy in hearts so full of the momentous object before them. The exercises of the day had had a very soothing effect on the religious portion of the rebels, and they indulged in great hopes of victory from the happy state of their feelings. To mild dewy eve succeeded night's solemn reign; the moon rose in unclouded brightness, and beneath her bright beams the soldiers were marshal-



led forth and arranged into order for battle. They commenced their march towards Sedgemoor, where, although the night was so fine, a dense deep fog arising from the marsh enveloped everything. This was a great annoyance. The army, as it proceeded, extended nearly six miles round, having taken a circuitous route to the moor in different divisions. The clock from the castle chimed the hour of eleven, when Monmouth, with his body-guard, set forth after them, sad and depressed, and his countenance bearing the stamp of the greatest internal suffering and despair.

On every one who beheld him, his melancholy hopeless look made a deep impression, and long was it remembered by those who pressed to see him as he departed from Bridgewater. He led the foot regiments himself, passing through a green lane adorned with hedge-rows on either side, covered with flowers glittering with dew-drops in the bright moonlight.

Lord Grey led the cavalry, though, owing to his ill success at Bridgeport, some greatly opposed it. Silence, deep and unbroken, reigned throughout all the ranks, as their idea was to steal upon and surprise the enemy. The watch-word they adopted was "So-ho!" from the situation of Monmouth's palace, which stood in Soho Fields, London.

The duke's scouts had brought intelligence of two trenches, or "rhines," as they were called, which

lay this side of the royal encampment, filled with water and mud, but these they resolved, at all hazards, to cross. There was yet another, deeper and longer, which they had overlooked, in the immediate neighborhood of the enemy, named the Bussex Rhine.

When they arrived at Sedgemoor, the trains containing the ammunition remained on the outskirts. On two of the Rhines, or trenches, causeways had been erected, over one of which the horse and foot passed in a long narrow file, and then proceeded to cross the other; but the fog was so great that the guide could not distinguish the way, and the whole troop were thrown into such confusion that a pistol went off, no one knew how. The sound reached the ears of the king's army, who were on the watch; they immediately looked in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and there beheld the advancing multitude. Carbines were fired on the instant, while off they set to apprise Feversham, at Western Zoyland; dispatching one also to give the news to the infantry encampment, crying out, as he approached, "The enemy is at hand! The enemy is at hand!" Dumbarton's regiment sounded to arms, the pealing drum awakening them to the call of loyal duty. They soon got to order and marched forward. Monmouth was near at hand, and had commenced drawing up his forces for battle. Grey came on with his cavalry,

but they were suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted in their progress. The Bussex Rhine, an immense quagmire, lay before them, for which no preparation had been made, nor any knowledge given even of its existence. Here Dumbarton's men drew up for action; calling out, "For whom are you there on the opposite side?"

"For the king," was the response of the insurgents.

"For the king, which king?" was demanded by the royalists.

The answer was quickly given—"King Monmouth!" coupled with the words, "God with us!" the words used by Cromwell's men when fighting against the government forty years before. No more was said, but a thundering volley of musketry was poured into the rebel ranks by the king's battalion, which scattered the cavalry under Grey's command in every direction.

The promptitude of the royal army was in some contrast to Lord Grey's conduct on this occasion, and he was much censured for allowing them the precedence. But those who did so, should have taken into consideration the surprise and momentary bewilderment which naturally followed upon the knowledge of the barrier which so unexpectedly arrested their progress, which very naturally explains the cause of his delay. Under such circumstances the most able and practised commander would be dis-

comfited, and the vantage ground, in consequence, be possessed by those on whom such a surprise had not fallen. The condition of Lord Grey's cavalry also was greatly against him. Regular trained horses would not so soon have scattered, but those raw colts could not stand fire. Monmouth's hope had been to *surprise* the enemy, and on this hung his chief prospect of success. Instead of which he had been completely captured by it himself, and his horse galloped off in a contrary direction over the moor; the heavy fog still enveloping every thing. Grey's men had returned Dumbarton's fire, but it did little execution. The infantry, as the cavalry dispersed, came running up, headed by the duke, and, like Lord Grey, were compelled to stop by the unexpected appearance of the trench. They halted and drew up for action on its borders, like the cavalry, and fired a volley, which was at once returned; this continued without intermission full three quarters of an hour; his hardy peasantry equalling, by their bravery and dexterity, even veteran soldiers, for their energy and spirit were untiring, and the duke's courage rose with its manifestation considerably. But this was not the only army he had to contend with; the other regiments of the royalists were in sight, and moving forward to the scene of action. The life-guards and blues, with Feversham at their head, advanced towards them. Some of Grey's horse collected and returned, but they were quickly dispersed by these

new forces, and again galloped off as before. Their scattered appearance, a second time, spread alarm and fear among the insurgents who remained in charge of the ammunition, and the trains were driven off by the wagoners, with disappointed and trembling hearts, as fast as possible, never once daring to look behind till they had travelled many miles beyond Sedgemoor.

Monmouth fought with his infantry, on foot, encouraging them by words and actions in every way he could; but the darkness and the fog was against him; and troops untrained to war could not be expected, however brave and energetic they might feel, to equal soldiers who had lived all, or a great part of, their lives in the practice of arms. Besides, their generals knew their ground; no surprise met them but the daring temerity of the rebels in concerting their schemes. Confidence in their success never for a moment deserted the unprincipled Feversham, who, when he dressed for the battle-field, did it with the gaiety and precision of a man going to some party of pleasure, instead of war. When Churchill and he approached, Monmouth, deserted by the cavalry, and the wagons of ammunition gone, saw plainly all was lost.

The day now began to dawn, and gradually to dispel the darkness and gloom which had surrounded the two contending armies; but the duke's hopes having entirely failed him, he acted on the last sug-



gestion of poor, weak humanity—self-preservation ; and turning from the thousands of devoted hearts, fighting with their rude weapons to place him on the throne, at such fearful hazards, seized the first horse he came to, and rode from the field of what he felt to be such unequal strife, before his progress was cut off by being hemmed in by another line of advancing infantry.

This act showed Monmouth's character in no very favorable light ; history has branded it with a meanness, a want of bravery, and a thorough heartlessness, almost unparalleled, in a leader whose followers had been actuated solely from motives of attachment to join in an enterprise which perilled not only all they possessed, but their lives. But these brave men, though aware of Monmouth's desertion, still kept both heart and ground, and fought manfully in his cause. They were attacked right and left by the Life Guards and the Blues, but resisted with all their might, rushing on them with their muskets and scythes, fearlessly facing the royal horse, and pouring it into them with unflinching courage. Then came a regiment commanded by Oglesby, who endeavored to break through the ranks of the valorous rustics, but they were vigorously repulsed and driven back ; on another side they were assailed, where the brave rebels were again victorious, laying their leader, Sarsfield, dead on the ground. These defeats of

the enemy quite inspired the insurgents; and had Monmouth, when he fled, only concerted schemes for the supply of powder and ball to these faithful creatures, the issue would have been different. As it now stood, it was evident they must fail for want of new supplies, as cry after cry for ammunition rent the unanswering air; but no hand brought the needed succour, and their extremity almost destroyed the bold energy which had hitherto supported them.

While they were in this condition, destitute of all but their scythes, pitchforks, bludgeons, and the use of the but-ends of their muskets, the royal artillery came up, the great guns drawn by the Bishop of Winchester's coach-horses, as at that time there were no appointments like those now so amply supplied the army on such occasions. The cannon did terrible execution, and soon broke the ranks of the rebels. Their arms could do nothing in such a case, and they had to witness the fall of hundreds of their brave band. The event they foresaw soon followed—more than a thousand of their comrades were killed. A company of infantry crossed over and attacked them; here again they fought with all their might, till borne down completely with the unequal contest. The victory of the king's troops was most decisive, and the rebels were routed, with only about three hundred of the royalists killed and wounded.

As daylight revealed the scenes enacted during the darkness of the night, how sickening was the sight! The moor this side the "Bussex Rhine" was literally strewn with the dying and the dead. The sun rose in unclouded loveliness, and four o'clock saw the unfortunate survivors of the rebel army on their way to Bridgewater. Great numbers, dreadfully cut and wounded, sank down and died, their whole appearance presenting so woful and so mangled a spectacle, that the townsfolk, even to the tory inhabitants, pitied and succoured them in their dreadful extremity, Catholics joining in the general sympathy for what they termed their misguided zeal for an unprincipled fanatic, as they called Monmouth.

But with all their sufferings, their attachment remained unabated. He was still the idol of their hearts; willingly would they again, with the slightest prospect of success, have gone forth in the same cause. Their defeat was far less painful than their hopelessness for the future.

Their bravery has been recorded in history as being scarcely equalled in the annals of war. Alone, deserted by their leader, and without ammunition, an agricultural peasantry for the most part, contending with outnumbered regular troops for the space of several hours, bears upon its face a valor as surprising as it was heroic, and reflected then, as it

does now, a character for bravery, energy, and devoted zeal, beyond all praise.

Monmouth galloped from the moor with his mind filled with thoughts of the most bewildering nature; the war-charms he wore around his neck, which the Scotch people had declared were infallible, mocked his blind superstitious folly for ever having credited their power; and in his wretchedness and misery he would have torn them from his person, and cast them to the ground—but there was no time to spare for such a purpose. Grey had joined him, and they made with all speed for Nood-gates' Inn, some miles beyond, on the road to Blandford, where they concluded to leave their horses, as by that means they could the better elude their pursuers, who, they knew, would soon be in quest of them. It was about the time when the farmers and laborers were rising to go forth to their fields; and meeting a sturdy peasant on his way to work, Monmouth asked him to change clothes with him, offering him money for the exchange. The man consented, and by his new habiliments the duke hoped to save his life. Lord Grey and he, accompanied by Buyse and a few others who had come up with them, then wandered through lanes, crossed woods and fields in the direction of the coast of Hants, with the hope of finding a vessel, when they would embark and cross over to Holland. They travelled all day, without halting, in the burning sun, till

nightfall, when they sought shelter in the open air, beneath some trees, in a remote and apparently desolate part of the country.

Parties in the meantime were in active pursuit of the wretched fugitives. Lord Lumley, with the Sussex militia, were stationed at Ringwood, from there he sent forth scouts to scour the country in every direction. And the Somerset militia had been ordered to make "a chain of posts" from the sea to the northern extremity of the coast of Dorsetshire. Notwithstanding, they were left quiet and unmolested during the night; but at daybreak, as they crept forth from their hiding-places, they found by the footprints in the soft, dusty mould, that their pursuers had passed quite near them, and still, doubtless, surrounded them on all sides. They were not wrong in their conjectures. As they set again stealthily forward, divided, the better to elude suspicion, Lord Grey, undisguised, was discovered and taken, at about five o'clock on the morning of the 7th of July. He made no resistance; he fully realized his unhappy position, but could not help acknowledging at a subsequent period, that the dreadful anxiety he had undergone, while with Monmouth, was such that his imprisonment was an actual relief.

The duke eluded his fierce pursuers all that day, his peasant dress causing them to overlook him for some laborer; but they still followed up their earnest



search. The numerous cottages on the heath forming the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire, were entered, and every nook and corner strictly scrutinized, but in vain; while men, women and children were closely questioned. Farm-houses and gentlemen's seats were also examined, out-houses and enclosures, but not the slightest clue was given, till a shout, on seeing a man in the duke's dress, called their attention to the rustic who had changed clothes with Monmouth, sauntering before them. He was at once interrogated, and simply told the tale as it was. They, of course, could do nothing with the man, but they felt they must now seek Monmouth in a new attire, and to this end resolved to watch every peasant closely as he passed them.

Sir William Portman, in addition to stationing the militia towards the coast, mustered a large body of the foot regiments and cavalry to assist in the capture of the fugitive duke, who, wandering without having taken a mouthful of food since their flight, might be said to be more dead than alive with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, which were all overlooked in the one all-absorbing desire of escape and life.

He had changed his plans several times, with the vagueness which always follows such a state of mind; till, at length, his only aim was to secrete himself securely in some hiding place where he might remain, undetected, in safe quiet.

Byron says there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and but a few short steps, the intervention of a few short hours, found the candidate for the honors of a throne a wanderer and a fugitive from the axe of the executioner.

Through divers windings Monmouth came to Shag's heath, in Dorsetshire, a common belonging to the parish of Woodlands. It possesses all the wildness of nature and aspect usual with heathy land, neither houses or trees relieving its dull monotony for miles, save a few mud-walled cots. In the middle of this dreary plain was an enclosure, where were corn, pea, and other fields. Here the unhappy duke thought he would be able to lie in safe ambush. Buyse was with him, but they did not keep close together. Here they were followed; sentinels guarded the outer hedge, and whenever they peeped through the bushes in that direction their eyes encountered the heads of soldiers, earnestly gazing around, which ever way they turned, while the fields were being searched in every direction. This state of things could not last long; and their capture seemed inevitable. Once they knew they had been seen, for a fire immediately followed; but they slunk away among the corn, and escaped its stroke. Dogs had also been let loose to scent them out. Poor, unhappy man! in such a condition, how does the tear of compassionate sympathy flow forth for your desperate

situation. Alas! misguided Duke of Monmouth, to others, not yourself, was the perilous enterprise you engaged in traceable, and yet you are the victim sought, on which to wreck the deepest vengeance of insulted majesty.

## CHAPTER IV.

Night once more enveloped all things in its sombre mantle, but no advantage could be taken by the wretched fugitives of its gloom to extend their wanderings; they felt they were hemmed in on every side. Any movement would be fatal, so to remain passive was the only alternative in their "Island prison," (the inclosure bearing the name of Island;) relieving their gnawing hunger by plucking ears of corn from their stalks, the only food they had tasted since the battle. The bright morning succeeded the darkness of night, every eye was again bent towards the suspected spot, and Buyse was discovered and taken. He was immediately questioned respecting Monmouth. He replied that he was not far off. This led to another search through the fields, but without success. A poor woman passing that way, was interrogated as to having seen any one about there, and the duke's person described. She readily answered that she had seen him, and pointed to a place not far distant, where he might be found. The soldiers hurried to the spot, and in a deep ditch, shadowed by an ash-tree, over-

grown by fern and brush-wood, crouched up at the bottom, lay the unfortunate object of their pursuit. His peasant dress all soiled and torn, his beard whitened by the sufferings he had undergone, his handsome features bearing the impress of despair, and his fine eyes sunken and hollow, presented a most pitiable and wretched appearance. One of the men had known him for some years, and seeing the change which had taken place in a few days, was so much affected by it that he burst into tears. Sir W. Portman was present when he was taken, and as they approached some of them were going to fire upon Monmouth, but he ordered that no violence of any kind should be used. It was perfectly unnecessary, as he did not make the slightest resistance, but trembled to such a degree that he could scarcely stand.

Could Lady Wentworth have witnessed this finale to her foolish ambition, how would her heart have smote her. The brilliant, elegant, fascinating and handsome Duke of Monmouth reduced to such a state! He was guarded on the spot on which he was taken until a carriage arrived to convey him before the magistrate of the parish of Woodlands, where he was searched, and every thing found on his person taken from him; consisting of a purse of gold, some raw peas, which he had gathered to eat; a book on fortifications, and an album, containing, among other curious matter, sundry charms, such as spells for opening prison doors, and cures for those



wounded on the field of battle; prayers also for those occasions. There were, beside, several songs in his own hand-writing, memorandums of various journeys, interviews with the Prince and Princess of Orange, travels and stages noted down of a tour through several counties, till he came to Toddington, in Bedfordshire, the paternal residence of his Henrietta, Baroness of Wentworth and Nettle-side in her own right, the object of his ill-starred love.

The village of Toddington is one of rare beauty. Situated in rich wooded land, the eye is charmed at every turn with the varied loveliness of the surrounding landscape. The beautiful residence of Sir Thomas, her father, lay here, surrounded by extensive parks abounding with deer, roaming at will amid the beautiful luxuriance which nature and art combined to furnish. This was the birthplace of Lady Wentworth, his only child, where she unfolded her youthful loveliness to her idolizing parents, whose fondness she so ill repaid in after life, and whose counsels to the man for whom she abandoned everything, ended in the wretched departure we have recorded.

The justice of peace, before whom he was taken, ordered Monmouth to be sent immediately to London. Col. Wm. Legge went in the coach with him, attended by a strong guard, who were instructed, in the event of his making any resistance, to stab him on the road. But this precaution was little needed; he was perfectly passive, his despairing condition

absorbing all his faculties, and rendering him alive to but one consideration—the wretched death that was so soon to follow. Where now was the efficacy of those superstitions which he had regarded as safeguards in every extremity? He had in the carriage with him a table book full of astrological figures, perfectly incomprehensible to any one else but himself. He showed it to his companion, Sir W. Legge, and also explained the use of several of the charms given him by the Scotch people, and the influence they had over him; concluding by calling them blind and foolish inventions, to cheat the judgment and mislead the imagination.

Lord Grey was conveyed to London with him, and nothing could exceed the contrast their demeanor exhibited. For while Monmouth was the very impersonation of despair, Grey was able to talk and laugh, and even went so far as to joke upon his situation.

The place where Monmouth secreted himself, is called “Monmouth’s Close” to this day, and the ash-tree against which he leaned, overshadowing the ditch, has been visited by thousands, who have carved their names on its bark. Woodlands belonged to Lord Shaftesbury after the death of his brother; and traditions are still handed down, of that sad event, to the traveller and sojourner in that part of the country.

On their way the prisoner stopped at Ringwood,

where Monmouth wrote a letter to the king, descriptive of the miserable situation he was in, and deploring the part he had taken in the rebellion; that he had promised the Prince and Princess of Orange, at the Hague, never to attempt anything against the government, but that his judgment had been blinded by the advice of a dreadful set of unprincipled men, who had excited his mind by their wicked and unjust calumnies. Those persons he now contemned and despised as they deserved, and lamented most sincerely having for a moment listened to them. He pleaded his relationship, and the affection of the brother he loved, for his son, who now lay at his mercy; and besought to be admitted to the royal presence, that he might confide a secret of importance to him, and him only. He also wrote to the queen-dowager and the lord treasurer, beseeching them to intercede in his behalf.

Let us now return to the still more wretched state of the rebels whom we left pouring into Bridgewater, with all the marks of the unfortunate battle upon them. Numbers died on the spot, their last remaining strength having been spent in reaching the town. While those that survived were so terribly gashed, and smeared with blood, that they were scarcely recognisable. But even in this sad condition they were not allowed to rest. Feversham's men were in active pursuit, and soon captured these brave and suffering rustics, and, without one feeling

of compassion, huddled the poor victims into carts, with their wounds undressed, amid the cries and lamentations of their relatives who had remained to see the issue of the battle. In this state they were hurried off to the jails and prisons of Somersetshire. These buildings were crowded almost to suffocation with the king's prisoners, as they were called, and their suffering numbers, confined in damp and unwholesome cells, without the slightest attention to their wounds, carries upon its face a torture of mind and body at which humanity shudders. But no pity soothed the silent agonies they endured; no hand or heart sought to give them relief; while the wretched families to which they severally belonged, were plunged into a state whose utter misery and heart-breaking situation baffles all description; for not a ray of hope broke through the gloom that so completely overshadowed them.

Meanwhile the triumph of the victors was being celebrated by the tories all through the country. Farmers feasted the king's troops everywhere, and the bells of Western Zoyland pealed merrily the whole of that day. These were mingled with shouts of rejoicing, and filled the air for miles around with sounds in sad contrast with the feelings of the miserable rebels. Yet, with all the pain and misery they endured, the love of the being for whom they thus suffered might be said to support them cheerfully. Nothing could shake, for a moment, the hold Mon-

mouth had on their affections, and thoughts of his fate affected them far more than their own.

Notwithstanding the numbers taken, hundreds had made their escape, and were dispersed all through Somersetshire. One of Feversham's officers, Colonel Kirke, was ordered to Bridgewater for the purpose of securing, if possible, those fugitives who had fled from what they termed justice. To this end he marched with a regiment of his own men, as soon as he had secured what still remained at Bridgewater, to Taunton, accompanied all the way by two carts of the wounded rebels, whose gashes and blood were exposed to a burning July sun—thus wantonly augmenting their sufferings, and by cruel and heartless threats of what would be done as soon as they arrived at the town, exciting the most dreadful and agonising thoughts. Added to these were a long line of prisoners on foot, chained two and two.

When they arrived at Taunton the work commenced, and, without judge or jury, numbers were hanged. To give an idea of the ferocity of this Kirke and his men, he had the gallows erected directly opposite to where they held their carousals, and to the hoisting of every man (who was not even permitted to speak to his nearest relatives standing weeping around) they filled their glasses, and with gleeful delight pledged each other's health in bumpers; while the band who accompanied them were



ordered to strike up with a rejoicing air as their legs dropped, and the last quiver was seen.

The cruelty and depravity of this Kirke can scarcely be imagined, and can only be accounted for in its vile excesses, from his residence at Tangier. He had been employed by the government to command the garrison there, and its distant site allowed him the practice of every species of villainy with impunity. It is said that he was a perfect despot, and was constantly engaged in hostilities against tribes of foreigners; occupying nations where no laws, either human or divine, protected them from any invasion that might be made to despoil them either of their property or their lives. The catalogue of his crimes, on these occasions, is a series of enormities at which the soul sickens at the thought that such monsters in human form should be found, who could perpetrate acts of so revolting a nature. He allowed no goods to be sold anywhere within his jurisdiction, without his permission, and until they had been previously offered to him; and no case of litigation could receive decision until this reptile had been made the recipient of a bribe, to substantiate its validity. If it happened that a merchant displeased him at any time, revenge lay entirely in his own hands; a power which he exercised to a most unheard-of degree; entering their ware-houses, and spoiling their goods before their very faces. To instance one occasion: a wine-merchant had failed in

the customary courtesy of furnishing his cellar, and his malignant spirit devised a plan to make him repent his unpolitic course. Calling on the vintner one day, with an excuse to examine his stock, he staved every puncheon, hogshead, and barrel in his vaults, and left without one word either of apology or explanation.

Fear governed all the surrounding country, and no one dared complain or remonstrate, as his tyrannical temper vented the slightest cause of displeasure on civilians, by employing his minions to put them to death; while foreign savages were sent to the holy inquisition to be burned alive. His soldiers' punishment, whenever they were disobedient, was severe flogging. To the Jews, who had for years previous to his arrival carried on a quiet disposal of their wares, he sent forth a command that they should depart from the place; which mandate they were forced to obey, or they knew their lives would be the forfeit.

His despotic flag waved from the ramparts of his castle, a signal of terror, which filled all hearts with hatred, gloom, and despair; and the sight of his soldiers excited feelings still worse, for their master permitted them to prowl about the town at night, while on watch, and insult the peaceful inhabitants as much as they pleased; a liberty which those reckless men made no scruple of improving, drinking to excess, and sparing neither age nor sex when in their drunken and besotted state.

When Kirke, therefore, was recalled to England, the rejoicing of the inhabitants of Tangier was beyond all description. His soldiers also accompanied him. This regiment had been raised at first for the desperate service to which they had been dedicated—that of subjugating the neighboring infidel nations. Such were the men, under such a leader, now let loose on the unfortunate Monmouth's followers, and the instances of their ferocity, viciousness, and cruelty, are almost beyond credibility.

The sign-board of the inn where they took up their abode, in Taunton, swung on hinges between two posts, exhibiting on its face a white hart. These posts, after removing the sign, he made to support a gallows, and on it he hung victim after victim, calling their struggles, when in the agony of death, dancing, and mockingly ordering suitable music for such an exercise. One of the rebels, being known to feel more than ordinary affection for his leader, the duke, was suspended by the neck, and when his struggles became indicative of the last agony, he was barbarously cut down and mocked with a show of mercy, then, when a little recovered, again hung up; then cut down a second time, and asked if he repented going to fight against the king? Firmly and bravely he replied, "No!" Then followed immediately the final drop. Several were hanged and quartered, others, beside that, seethed in pitch. The man

selected for this office was a peasant, whose conduct on several occasions betokened lenity to the rebels, though he professed to be one of the king's own men. On being questioned, he of course denied the charge, but summary measures would at once have been taken, had he not consented to assist the executioner then standing ankle-deep in blood, as he quartered one after another of the dead bodies cut from the scaffold.—

This man was called from that circumstance, "Tom Boilman;" and though he lived years after in a neighboring village, the stain on his name for purchasing life by such means never departed—from that time he was shunned, hated, contemned, and despised. The vengeance of heaven seemed to have followed him also, for returning one evening late from labor, during a violent thunderstorm, he sought shelter on the outskirts of a wood, beneath a branching oak, when a flash of lightning killed him.

The misery and wretchedness which reigned throughout Somersetshire among the peasantry, history, however faithful, would vainly attempt to pourtray. The smiling cottages of those hardy and contented rustics were now the abodes only of widows and fatherless children, under circumstances, the bare contemplation of which must harrow every feeling heart. Many a tender wife had witnessed the cruel butchery of her beloved husband; many children their fathers'; and some, when only suing

for a last embrace, a last word of divine consolation, had been rudely and cruelly repulsed by the hardened villain, whose ferocity, already described, conveys but a faint idea of the monstrous depravity which lent to cruelty every species of aggravation the most fiendish nature could conceive. Fain would we drop the curtain over what yet remains ; but history requires a full account of the proceedings of past ages, and wisdom, when contrasting the present with the days gone by—we trust for ever—will draw lessons of instruction which shall be as a beacon to enlighten and rejoice the spirit, that advancing years have brought with them that benign character of which Campbell so sweetly sung, when he wrote,

“ Come bright improvement on the car of time.”

But this Kirke's cruelty was not his only characteristic. He loved to enrich his coffers with the spoils of war. If any of the rebels were known to be wealthy, or to possess anything available, he could be very tender in his compassions, and lent a listening and ready ear to those who sued with a bonus in their hands. Yes, even to state offenders like these, there could be mercy shown ; but to the honest and brave men whose valor claims the tribute of admiration from every age, where they were unable to purchase the favor of this monster, they were executed as we have described. More than a hundred were despatched in one week ; and the women



and children, who crowded around the fatal spot to witness the last agonies of their beloved relatives, filled the air with lamentations and groans of despair; for they had not only lost the beings in whom their affections were garnered up, but their bereavement was aggravated by the thoughts of, it might be, the starvation which was to follow. Their whole subsistence, in these cases, being derived from their daily labor. And widows and fatherless babes, now deprived of all means of support, as the future rose before them, yielded to the consummate misery of their condition with a hopelessness, the heart that experienced such bitterness could alone understand.

Those who were rich enough to purchase their liberty and exemption from the penalty paid by the poor, were permitted to seek refuge from justice by going to a foreign land. America offered the necessary asylum, and many with their families embarked for its friendly shores. Vessels were crowded with these refugees to such a degree, that there was great danger lest a sufficiency of water and provisions could be laid in for them during the voyage.

These unjust proceedings, however, soon got spread abroad, and reached the ears of the king, who was highly displeased at the mercenary spirit he had displayed in the ministration of his official power. His further spoils were therefore cut short, by being summoned to London, and new means devised for others to execute vengeance on the remaining thou-

sands of rebels yet pining in suffering within the surrounding jails and prisons.

While these cruelties were being perpetrated in Somersetshire, Monmouth had reached London, and contrary to established rules on such occasions, (unless mercy was to be exercised towards a prisoner,) he was conveyed to the king's palace, where an interview with James was promised. This inspired the duke with something like hope; he thought within himself, "He is my father's brother, and when he sees me he may relent." But his calculations were all on one side. How could he have expected the slightest sympathy or favor from a kinsman, whom he had held up to the public as having committed such dreadful crimes? Had he forgotten accusing him before the people, in the market-place of Lyme, of poisoning his own brother, the late king, of cutting the throat of another man, and of incendiarism? Or did he suppose he could be ignorant of the proclamation containing these accusations? Had rebellion been the only thing chargeable against Monmouth, the king's clemency might have been exercised, from considerations of the brother whom he so tenderly loved. But with this array of crimes before him, James' heart was not only steeled against Monmouth, but incensed with the highest indignation; and he determined to see him face to face, that he might feel the justice of the blow he was about to strike, when he reflected on the atrocities he had laid to his charge.

The duke, with his hands and arms bound by a silken cord, was ushered into the presence of the king, who, seated in his chair of state, sternly awaited his reception. The letters addressed to the queen dowager and the lord treasurer, from Ringwood, had produced no effect; and as Monmouth entered, and glanced at his uncle, he saw there was little to hope. As to the crimes he had committed under the head of high treason, they never once entered his mind, the utter misery and humiliation of his situation absorbing every other consideration; and, falling on his knees, he crept, with his arms bound, to the feet of James, and cried for pardon and for mercy at his hands, declaring all he had done was the fault of others, that he had been made the victim of vile plotters against the government, whose sophistry had worked upon his too easy and too credulous temper—especially Ferguson, whose name he loaded with every vile epithet he could command.

During this declamation of innocence on his part, and inculcation of his colleagues, the king never once relaxed a muscle. The stern man of business sat in inflexible rigidity of purpose, and regarded Monmouth as a traitor whom, had he felt inclined to spare, justice asserted was of too dangerous a character to be let loose again upon society. His vengeance was partly slaked by beholding his abject humility, crawling upon the ground, and acknowledging himself the tool of others, whose weak judg-

ments he had not the wisdom or the prudence to set aside, by either duty to his sovereign, or affection to the brother of a parent whose love had been so signally displayed towards him.

"Do you forget," James asked, in reply to his cry for forgiveness, "the proclamation at Lyme?" compressing his lips, and eyeing him severely.

"I never saw it," was Monmouth's groaning reply.

"And you mean to aver that you signed, without reading, a paper of such magnitude?" the king asked, with a stern and searching look, in which contempt was strongly mingled.

"I did," said Monmouth, in a faltering voice.

"O vile hypocrisy," was the reply. "Do not imagine I could believe such a monstrous falsehood for a moment? Ah, no; you knew what it contained well enough.

"You covered, too, your wishes to possess the throne, by assuming the championage of the Protestant religion, it appears. What a pity you did not succeed," he continued, deridingly.

Love of life in the timorous, what will it not lead to! Monmouth's too amiable docility of character may truly be said to have been his ruin. And the yielding nature of his temper, so remarkable throughout his unfortunate career, in his extremity to conciliate the king, led him to make a confession in favor of Catholicism.

James heard all he said, but told him his case was utterly beyond the pale of mercy this side the

grave; that the aggravated nature of his offences precluded its possibility; and, recommending him to propitiate that tribunal before which he was so soon to appear, he ordered the officers to reconduct him to the Tower.

"Then, all hope is over," exclaimed Monmouth, springing to his feet. And, summoning the courage which desperation so often calls forth, he turned his back on the king, and left his presence.

By many historians, this abject solicitation for pardon, from a sovereign whom he had sought in every way to injure, is placed to Monmouth's account as the greatest possible instance of cowardice and meanness. But, before pronouncing this summary verdict, we should pause; and, comparing this act with his former conduct, where, on a similar occasion, though not reduced to the extreme verge on which he now stood, certainly presented a widely different aspect.

In the measures concerted for a rebellion in the year 1681, during Charles the Second's life, it will be well remembered, Monmouth took a leading part. The plot was discovered, and all the conspirators were taken up except himself. He found a hiding place, but was subsequently induced by a friend, who looked forward to the future and another more fortunate rising, to solicit his father's forgiveness, which he obtained, and he was recalled to court. Before he received a pardon, according to the form



requisite to make it legal, Charles besought him to give the names of his colleagues, promising the duke that no punishment should result from his confidence. Monmouth yielded to this solicitation, and forthwith a paragraph appeared in the newspapers, that he had given a promise to the king never again to attempt a rebellion against the government.

Monmouth read this notice with feelings of the highest indignation, and, as soon as he received the formal form of forgiveness, lost no time in retrieving his pledged word to his friends, by recanting all the king had caused to be published with regard to himself. This, of course, showed the honorable nature of his character, but a severe penalty awaited him for it.

This avowal came to Charles' ears, and he was, with his colleagues, banished from the kingdom.

He had frequently been in the habit of visiting the seat of Sir Thomas Wentworth in Toddington; but no one knew the real cause which led him there. To the baronet's daughter all these visits were made; though she was, in the eyes of her parents, betrothed to a young man of great worth and wealth. When Monmouth received this mandate from his father, he fled to Lady Wentworth, and, confiding to her the unexpected blow his father had dealt him; in the wild and romantic devotion which filled her heart, she at once declared she would go with him.

This sacrifice so far exceeded all he could have imagined possible in a young and beautiful

girl, idolized by her parents, and sought in marriage by a nobleman whose claims to the affection of woman could not be for a moment disputed; that Monmouth's love and admiration were not only the raptures of excited triumph, but secured to that misguided being the devotion of a heart which never for a moment after swayed from its object, during life.

She accompanied him privately to Holland; but they did not reside together, as he wished to conceal from his father that he had a companion in exile. But at his death they enjoyed all the felicity their situation admitted, in a union of hearts that had but one drawback, the illegitimacy of the compact.

In this connection we may see the explanation of all we may have deemed inconsistent in Monmouth's character and conduct. To thoughts of Lady Wentworth were alone owing his humiliation to James; for well he knew the anguish his death would occasion her. His heart, his courage sunk, as her agony rose before him, and for her sake he would have crawled like the veriest reptile before any man.

There is nothing to justify, and much to condemn in this conduct; but I deemed the explanation I have given, necessary, in order to account for so unmanly a display of sunken and abject humanity, so different from his former conduct, wherein he had acted so heroically.

Lord Grey was also brought before the royal presence, but his magnanimous bearing was in strong

contrast to the unhappy duke. He answered all the charges which the king made against him, with a readiness and promptitude that quite affected James. He acknowledged being engaged in the rebellion, and explained the part he took in it, with an unflinching front. He attempted no palliation, and asked no favor. Calm, collected, self-possessed, he heard the sentence pronounced on such offenders, with an aspect which defied both pity and reproach, and rejoined his fellow-prisoner, after the interview was ended, with sorrow for the fate of him whom he would gladly have died to save.

They were conveyed back to the Tower; and a weeping and sympathizing populace, thronged the streets in their endeavors to obtain a look at the prisoners, especially Monmouth; who, although there had been no public manifestation in his favor, was greatly beloved by a large majority of the Londoners; especially by those occupying the middle stations of life, who in heart being Protestants, had all along secretly hoped that he would have been victorious, and caused the religion they loved to be established. The Papist king they hated, but he held them in awe, and they made no attempt at a rescue, though in their hearts they longed to tear Monmouth from his grasp.

They embarked from the wharf, and were rowed till they reached the ditch which joins with the river, when they came to a water gate, called "Traitor's Gate," to which all state prisoners, in former

times, were conveyed, leading immediately into the Tower.

Monmouth's depression was greater than ever, and seemed almost to threaten his life. Hope had entirely fled, and the thought of what was so soon to follow, steeped his soul in the very depths of despair. The king, meanwhile, showed he was not unmindful of his unfortuate and misguided kinsman. He sent his wife, accompanied by the keeper of the privy seal, Lord Clarendon, to visit the prisoner. Their presence lit up a monentary gleam of hope in Monmouth's heart, for Clarendon might be able to influence the king, as he knew he possessed some power; and to him he resolved to apply. The Duchess of Monmouth had brought her children with her, thinking that in an hour like this he would forget the past, repent his unfaithfulness towards her, and, in the plenitude of his repentance, ask her forgiveness, and sue for that return of affection of which his desertion had rendered him so unworthy. But her woman's reasoning she soon found vain. Her husband received her very coldly, and, forgetful often of her presence, addressed himself almost wholly to the earl, pleading, with all the eloquence he could command, the misery of his condition, and beseeching his interference in his behalf. But Clarendon gave him no encouragement; although he deeply pitied the blind infatuation which had led him to peril life in a cause which excluded every hope of

the royal mercy. They soon left; Clarendon feeling he had discharged an unpleasant duty, and the duchess convinced that, if he had been permitted to live, his regard for her and her children had ceased for ever. To him she was tenderly attached, and her misery could scarcely be said to be heightened by the doom that threatened him. Her heart had been lacerated in every pore by the estrangement which followed his acquaintance with Lady Wentworth, and her existence had been shrouded in worse than the gloom of death, for there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. In her case there was no repose. Her thoughts were like the troubled deep, and in the virtuous seclusion she sought, she gave herself wholly up to learning each movement of her husband and his guilty companion, through persons employed by him. How harassing such a situation was, may more easily be conceived than described. The climax, therefore, to which it led, could scarcely be said to augment her sufferings; and, as she left the Tower, and reflected on his coldness, sorrow and pity gave place to indignation, and a feeling which involuntarily arose in her breast, that his punishment was deserved.

Shakspeare has said, that

“ Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned.”

The expression of the sentiment is somewhat exaggerated, but man can hope for little mercy at the



tribunal of broken faith, broken vows, and a broken heart. The duchess went forth with feelings natural to a woman injured, as she felt she had been; and resigned him, in the stoicism which followed her outraged affections, to his fate, without a tear.

Towards evening James dispatched two bishops of the Episcopal church to visit Monmouth, with the solemn message that the day was fixed for his execution.

It was Monday, and Wednesday was the day appointed. When Monmouth heard them utter this determination of the king, the blood receded from his cheeks, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he trembled, like an aspen leaf, from head to foot. The bishops were much moved by witnessing his distress, and besought him in his hour of need to seek succor from above, to confess his contrition to that Almighty Ruler whom he had offended, and endeavor to find peace and acceptance while hope and life remained.

But Monmouth could think only of endeavoring to obtain forgiveness and a respite from this cruel and overwhelming sentence. And, instead of acting on the advice so kindly given, occupied himself wholly in writing letters to all the influential men he knew, to intercede for him with the king, that he might not be executed.

The bishops visited him again and again during the two intervening days, and explained the doc-

trines of the church, exhorting him to confess his guilt in drawing his sword against the government, and his sorrow in having done so. This Monmouth refused to do. He felt he was in the right, he said; he wished to deliver the nation from the scourge of Papacy, and restore to the people the unmolested practice of the religion they loved.

The good bishops then alluded to the crime he had been guilty of in deserting his wife and children, and living scandalously with Lady Wentworth. But Monmouth had set up a standard, it would seem, for himself on this occasion. He expatiated on the misery of his conjugal life, and that having been led to marry at a time when he had no judgment to guide him in his choice of a wife, by the advice of his father; nothing but unhappiness had followed, which resulted in a life of unrestrained viciousness,—for, finding his hearthstone destitute of charm, he had sought, in his commerce with the world, the enjoyment which his home could not yield him. With Lady Wentworth he had enjoyed the happiness naturally accruing from the exercise of pure and warm affections; and he had become since that connection a reformed man.

The bishops were perfectly astounded at the false ideas he entertained of God's holy laws and men's obligations to morality; and expressed to him fully the errors under which he labored, by explaining his delinquency of conduct in the eyes of Him who

seeth not as man seeth. Monmouth listened, but supported his argument by showing that the compact had been sanctified by mutual prayer for divine guidance, and that happiness and peace had followed. That she was one of the purest and best of women, and in the sight of God they were bound by ties which, if man condemned, He justified: for he felt their prayers had been answered and blest.

Under such convictions—for it was evident he was sincere—they recommended him to prayer and supplication for the removal of the veil of error which enveloped him, and urged him to beseech, long, and earnestly, to be enlightened in his darkness, and delivered, while life was yet spared, from its thralldom; for the sinner's hope remained open to him and every penitent who applied for mercy.

This he promised, and they then left him, feeling for the depravity he still so obstinately persevered in.

Monmouth looked upon these bishops as bigots, and without any true Christian feelings. He had heard of Dr. Tennison, a pious divine, and to him he resolved to have recourse, hoping his views would be not only tolerated but extolled. In this idea he was exceedingly mistaken. Dr. Tennison expressed fully and faithfully his condemnation of the duke's conduct with regard to the rebellion,—declared it to be a crime of the highest order, since it violated that Scripture which saith: "Fear God, and honor the king." And, as to his connection with Lady

Wentworth, he looked upon it in its true light; he had violated another of God's commandments; and in his arguments of justification, told him he had acted under a most fatal error.

Monmouth, notwithstanding, persevered in his own belief in these matters; and therefore precluded himself from the possibility of that spiritual consolation the doctor came to offer. The duke wished to partake of the Holy Sacrament, while still holding to these delusive opinions, but Tennison refused to administer it to one who felt neither penitence or remorse for crimes such as he had committed.

The hours sped their flight, and the time of his execution drew nigh; and miserable and determined as his wife had felt when she parted with him, her affection prompted another visit to her erring though beloved and suffering husband. She set forth once more, accompanied by her children, to see him, and this time Monmouth received her kindly. It was the last time they were to meet on earth. He gazed on his children with despair imprinted on his once eloquent and beaming countenance—then, relaxing for a moment, caressed and bade them farewell. His duchess was perfectly overwhelmed; and, forgetful of all the wrongs she had received, her anguish threatened almost to annihilate her on the spot. Those who beheld it were so much affected at the agony she endured, that the stoutest shed tears. She was conveyed from the Tower more dead than alive,



with her weeping children, with no other thought filling her breast than misery at the irrevocable doom that so certainly awaited him.

“Oh, woman’s love, ’tis known to cling  
Too often round a worthless thing,  
And still with fondness to adore  
A heart whose love has long been o’er;  
Beholding only in the past,  
Devotion, too, too great to last;  
By cunning women drawn astray,  
To walk in error’s devious way.  
But truth at bottom sure there lies,  
And in this thought her tears she dries.  
Thus woman’s love excuses makes,  
And still to hope herself betakes.”

Monmouth beheld his wife’s emotion with perfect apathy. He shed no tear, made no lamentation; but bade her farewell in tones of bitter and utter despair. This was about nine o’clock; and ten was the hour fixed for his execution. The coach to convey him from the Tower was ready, and the wretched man realized the awfulness of his condition. He asked if Dr. Tennison could not accompany him, and the bishops. The request was answered in the affirmative, and they again urged upon him the necessity of revoking his opinions of his past deeds. But, strange to say, his answers were the same; he could not be brought to think himself in error, and replied to their importunities with an unshaken belief in his own innocence.



The rebellion, he said, was commenced with the holy and just purpose of delivering the nation from Papacy. And Lady Wentworth had been the guardian angel who had saved him from an erring life; declaring her piety and virtue all that was excellent and lovely in woman, and that these had created in him an attachment that could only terminate with his existence.

Monmouth had many sympathizers in this his hour of need. London was in a tumult of distress. The idol of thousands of devoted hearts was being led to the scaffold, to die for the Protestant religion. Old and young lamented over the cruel sacrifice. The houses were crowded with anxious and weeping spectators as he passed, and nothing but sobbing and wailing was heard. His mind seemed somewhat cheered at beholding these instances of affection; for, as he passed the guards, when he reached the place of execution, he smiled and bowed to them, and then mounted the scaffold with a firm and easy step.

The surrounding multitude were in hopes that he would have addressed them; and there was an intimation to that effect, to which he replied that the solemnity of his situation did not permit his doing so. "I die a Protestant of the Church of England," was all he said. But this was sufficient; these few words spoke volumes—he was a martyr to his faith; and again rushed forth the tide of pity and admiration for the fate of one so brave and good.

The divines now, for the last time, asked for a revocation of his sentiments. To which he replied, that he still firmly adhered to all he had said. Then they burst forth, and with angry tones reproved his wickedness, even with death staring him in the face. He turned from what he considered their unfeeling behavior, and addressing himself to the most notorious of executioners, the celebrated Jack Ketch, asked him to spare his sufferings as much as possible. "Do not hack me," he cried, "as you did Lord Russel, striking him four or five times before you severed his head from his body. Let me see the axe." Ketch gave it him, and he felt the blade, to assure himself of its keenness. "It is not very sharp," he remarked. "Here are six guineas for you; and if you do your work quickly, you shall receive more from my servant after I am dead." He then drew off his coat and cravat, and bared his throat. Then, calling his servant, gave him a tooth-pick for Lady Wentworth. He then laid his head on the block, and awaited the stroke of the executioner—the divines kneeling at his side, and fervently praying that his imperfect repentance would be accepted by the divine mercy.

Jack Ketch was much softened by what the duke had said to him, and still more by the guineas he had received. He tried to deal an effective stroke, but his hands trembled, and the first blow made but a very slight impression. The duke rose and gazed

reproachfully at him, while the hearts of the people were agonized at the sight.

Ketch summoned all his coolness, and was determined to take a better aim this time; but again he was foiled—it effected nothing. A third and a fourth blow followed, but the work remained incomplete. The body moved, while the head, unsevered, exhibited the gashes made in the neck, which so enraged the beholders, that it was with difficulty they could be restrained from rushing forth and tearing the wretched executioner to pieces, for what they considered intentional barbarity, to please the king. Cries of indignation rose from the crowd. “Throw the monster off the rails,” was heard on all sides. Ketch was frightened, and flinging down the axe, exclaimed aloud: “My heart fails within me, and I cannot do the deed.” He resumed it, however, again, and two more strokes extinguished the last spark of life in the amiable but erring and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. The head was severed at last by a knife. Jack Ketch now trembled for himself; for the rage of the assembled mob burst forth in groans and hisses, and if they could have got hold of him they would have taken summary vengeance. It was deemed necessary, under these circumstances, to appoint him a strong protective guard, when the execution was over, to save his life, as he went from the scaffold to his home.

The martyrdom, as it was called, being ended,

many ascended the scaffold to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood; and, the crowd gradually dispersing, order and peace succeeded. But sadness and melancholy reigned throughout the metropolis for many weeks, and hatred to James increased.

Monmouth's remains were deposited in a coffin covered with black velvet, then conveyed to St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower, and buried beneath the communion table, there to remain till the last trump shall sound and the secrets of all hearts be revealed.



## CHAPTER V.

We have traced the Duke of Monmouth's career from the commencement to its melancholy and wretched close; and, dropping the tear of pity over the grave of one in whom crime and virtue were so strangely blended, pass on to give the details of what yet remained, consequent to the rash and misguided infatuation of contending for the crown of England, without that strength and organization in a pure and just cause, which is of itself an earnest of success.

James' unpopularity with the people—his Popish administration, and tyrannical and morose temper—seemed to form just grounds for an invasion of his rights; and in an evil hour, we find the unfortunate Monmouth made an easy prey to a scheming, discontented band, seeking only their own gratification in this high-handed measure.

The misery it entailed, we have as yet seen only in part; but once more unrolling the scroll on which are recorded the mighty deeds of the past, we will behold, as through a glass, darkly, things and persons which humanity and compassion would fain blot from the mind and memory forever; but incomplete-



ness of our task would be the result. We therefore resume the path from which we have momentarily diverged, and, returning once more to the unfortunate rebels languishing in Somersetshire jails and prisons, behold a picture whose revolting cruelty is without a parallel.

In addition to those hung by Kirke, more than twenty were executed under Feversham's order, with little less barbarity, without trial by either judge or jury; and he would have gone on increasing the number, had not the Bishop of Bath and Wells interfered and declared such a summary measure to be wilful murder. The prisoners, he maintained, were entitled to a trial by the laws of their country, and to be allowed, in the extremity of its administration, the privileges it provided, in order to a preparation for another world.

Feversham laughed to scorn this humane interference, but was obliged to yield to the reasoning of this amiable and excellent divine. Dispatches were therefore forwarded to the king to this effect; upon which the selection of a judge was determined on.

Feversham, like Kirke, was distinguished for a cruel recklessness of character; though they differed greatly in its manifestation. Kirke's nature was coarse and brutal, and he delighted in ferocity of every description. The lowest devices of torture he loved to glut over; and a tale of misery succeeding

any act of barbarity perpetrated by himself or his soldiers, was sure to elicit roars of laughter.

In person he was low of stature, short necked, with squat shoulders, while his physiognomy was one which science stamps with the worst characteristics of human kind. He had a low forehead, high and protruding cheek-bones, sunken, small, ferret-looking eyes; short, snub nose, and a receding mouth, with compressed, thin lips. His hair was red and wiry, and a pair of bushy whiskers, descending to the chin, lent to his aspect the crowning point of ugliness, ferocity and ruffianism. A highwayman or a bandit seemed to be the only ideas you would assimilate with a man of his description; for branded like the brow of Cain was the visage of him whose soul delighted in deeds fit only for the chronicles of the prince of darkness.

His dress consisted of the most grotesque colors, where he could assume them consistently with his regimentals; which, with his fat and ill-shaped figure, always notwithstanding slovenly attired, completed a whole which, happily for an imitative world, is seldom seen.

Feversham was a Frenchman, a nephew to Turenne, and was in many respects in direct contrast to Kirke. He was tall and finely formed, and his open, high, expansive forehead, aquiline nose, and full round mouth, would have conveyed, but for a

pair of small, deep-set, gray and twinkling eyes, an idea of frankness and nobleness of soul. Ambition was his ruling and absorbing passion. Love of display, as a natural consequence, followed; and his dress always exhibited the finished toilette of a cour-tier. He was also essentially a man of pleasure, and in city, camp or town, indulged freely in its pursuit. He sought a victory of hearts as well as arms, and where enjoyment of the hour was his only aim, his victims excited no feelings either of pity or commis-eration for betrayed and outraged virtue, or broken, sorrowing hearts and desolated homes.

He sought to cover his vices under the name of pleasure, and refined away their magnitude under the sanction of the usages of war. In the pitiless execution of the unfortunate rebels, he saw only the gratification of his sovereign, and his own advancement in his favor, in consequence. This interference of the bishop cut short the length of the list he had hoped to present; but he had aided in the victory, and the laurel awaited him, he knew, when he reached London, in the praises he felt his due when he should present himself before the king. He ceased his work, therefore, till the news reached him that Lord Chief Justice Jeffrys was appointed to be the judge in the trials of the prisoners which were to take place, and then set off for London.

Desolate and wretched as the lot of the poor rebels was, there was yet found one to pity and

compassionate their sufferings. One who, like Howard, went forth on his errand of mercy to minister to their necessities, and pour the balm of consolation into their wounded and depressed souls. Forgetful of the cause in which they fought, as being opposed to the tenets of his own faith, he thought only of suffering humanity, and affording relief to the distressed, and he went forth with the wine and oil of a truly Christian heart, to soothe the sorrowing, and lift the fallen, by pointing them to that rest beyond this world, purchased by the Son of God himself for poor, erring, guilty man.

And his was not merely an empty form of words; from his own private purse he fee'd the jailors, so as to induce them to soften their rigorous conduct towards their prisoners, abridged his own limited means, and sacrificed everything he possessed beyond the barest subsistence to add something to the scanty fare of the prison allowance.

He was a bishop of the Roman Catholic religion, and although wedded to many errors and superstitions, exhibited in his whole life and conversation the purest elements of Christianity in the practice of those virtues so eminently enforced by its Divine founder. Visiting and relieving the sick poor, clothing the naked, exploring the prisons and jails of the surrounding country, and without regard to religion or politics, remembering only that they were fellow-beings who needed succor in their hour of adversity.



It will be remembered, that on entering Bridgewater the rebels defaced the cathedral, by taking from it all the lead they could find to make bullets; and even proceeded to demolish the altar, till prevented by Lord Grey. This was the beloved edifice of Bishop Ken, who now so kindly ministered to them; where he preached to his people every Sabbath, and performed other pastoral rites belonging to his faith.

But this formed no stumbling-block to the good bishop; his benevolence of character overcame these objections as they rose in his mind, and, like the rays of the glorious sun, dispelled every shadow of rancor within his heart, as the monarch of the day disperses the shade and gloom which envelopes all things by his presence.

The rebels blessed his venerable approach to their cells, and the smile of inward peace irradiating his aged countenance, lit up in their disconsolate bosoms many a bright gleam of hope and joy, that earth boasted at least one who cared for the souls and bodies of the unfortunate. He talked to them, prayed with them, and their daily meals they knew were improved by the provision made by this good man. The dew of grateful love watered their desponding hearts, and the hymn of thankfulness and praise arose to Him who had sent one of his servants to their relief in time of greatest need.

Life abounds in contrasts, and extremes meet on



all grounds. As Bishop Ken's character rises in Christian beauty and benevolence before us, that of Jeffrys presents itself in all the hideous deformity of fiendish malignity. He was truly a man after the king's own heart. Merciless, sanguinary, and delighting in cruelty, as a glutton his food, James selected him as his chief justice on this occasion, knowing the hardness of his heart and the callousness of his nature. The poor prisoners had languished in jail from July, and it was now September. The assizes were to commence on Jeffrys' arrival, and cruelties perpetrated which caused the appellation of the "Bloody Assizes" to rest on the time and place of these trials, which have been handed down, and will continue to be so, probably to the end of all things.

Nature, it would seem, had begun this moral deformity by giving him a person and voice singularly hideous. When he spoke, from earliest childhood, the sounds produced a strange sensation on the ear. There was a ferocity in his tone, so remarkable that its notice rarely escaped the most careless observer. A horrible grin distinguished his features when he attempted to smile, and his closed teeth the inward passion he indulged whenever anything crossed him. His boyhood was marked by every juvenile depravity. Robbing birds' nests, and plucking asunder the nestlings while alive; maiming cats and dogs; and cruelly misleading old and poor individuals who

might happen to seek any information from the young scapegrace, who thus manifested the germs of his marked and inhuman manhood.

He was bred to the law, and early distinguished himself in his way. He became established at the Old Baily bar, and in this school for morals had an opportunity for displaying the natural bent of his talents. The most degraded and infamous characters were tried under his eye, and to question and cross-question those offenders of public justice devolved on him. And he was well fitted for such an employment, eliciting by interrogations of the most debased description, the laugh of the court at his ribald wit, but at the same time the degradation, in public and private estimation of the man, to the lowest level of corrupt humanity. Jeffrys cared little for the impression he made on others, provided things went well with himself. To rise in the world was the mark he aimed at, and he cared little by what means, so that the end was attained. His hardened nature delighted in the daily task before him, and with the triumph of a fiend he raved at the trembling culprits before him, with language which, for coarseness, not even the lowest dens of infamy could surpass. He fairly bullied the witnesses, on all occasions, to allowing every thing or charge he chose to suggest or prefer against the unhappy victims he tried, and committed them by wholesale to the far off shores of the convict, with a feeling

as exulting as it was revolting to every humane and civilized mind.

His person was thin and meagre in the extreme, and his hollow cheeks and sharp features gave to his large and glaring eyes an aspect of ferocity in perfect keeping with his character. People shrunk from his gaze, as from the look of a serpent, and recoiled from the venom of his tongue with terrific horror. His enmity was a fearful thing, so that few dared to excite it by either censure or expostulation.

Yet, with all these revolting characteristics, he was reckoned a useful member of the profession. "He was a man of great dispatch, and accomplished more than any of his predecessors in the same time. The law was rigorously exercised and vigorously maintained, and that was one of the nation's greatest safeguards," was remarked of him.

Promotion followed these panegyrics, as a matter of course; and, after a few years' training in his Old Bailey preparatory, we find him elevated to the rank of common sergeant, and from there stepping into the recordership of London; his propensities strengthening under the favor he received, and every form of humanity rooted out of that altar of cruelty, set up in his corrupt heart. Fear has often been said to be the parent of order. If so, the public would have presented one unbroken feature of its power. But rewards for apprehension found victims without number, indicted for the most trivial offen-

ces; but which, under him, were made to appear crimes of enormous magnitude, and floggings and pillories, in consequence, became almost an every day occurrence.

Evil passions were therefore the constant and current example, and, like the volcanic eruption of Vesuvius, darkened the horizon by the foul and lurid atmosphere that reigned with such gloomy boding throughout the land. All were affected by it, for favor rested with complacent eye on the man who rose to eminence and wealth, and by a mis-called conception of the term, gave it the name of *prospering* in all he did.

To instance one perversion of public sentiment in this matter: a poor woman was brought before him for some trifling offence, and after frightening her with remarks, at which modesty shrunk abashed, in his wanton cruelty he ordered her to be whipped at the cart's end; and calling the executioner of this revolting sentence, he desired him to "well flog her delicate ladyship, and if she sung a pleasant tune to his capers, to let it quicken his flying motions, and the effect would be charming." Yet such an act brought no censure.

Then, to commit people to the pillory seemed a darling delight. Oh, how he laughed and clapped his hands when he described the cruelties of that horrid invention of torture and humiliation! "Rotten eggs are such a dainty pleasure, and will wash thy



fair face so nicely ! brickbats comb thy sleek head !” Then the bystanders would break forth in a loud laugh, too plainly indicating the morals of a community, and the effect that precept and example have upon the multitude, who have no other mode of instruction than that afforded by those whom station in life has made their superiors.

Charles the Second professed Protestantism ; and Jeffrys, without one thought beyond the profits to be obtained by being either one thing or another, was, like his sovereign, a professed Protestant of the Church of England. But a dissenter of any kind he loved to treat with his usual summary malignity, whether Catholics or Presbyterians. Torment, in short, was his chief delight ; and, so he had victims on whom to exercise this element of his nature, he cared not from what source.

His language on such occasions was, that the day was approaching when non-conformists would be served as they ought to be. That Catholic priests might have the satisfaction of knowing that soon they would be quartered alive ; or perhaps more divertingly set upon saws and nicely divided—or else warmed by a slow fire from which they had no escape.

With such presentations he delighted to amuse himself, to see the shrinking of the poor priests, as he sketched their tortures in perspective.

His private life was such as might naturally be



expected from such an outward manifestation of vicious corruption of feeling and principle. He drank to excess; and the midnight revel constantly followed the enormities of his daily practices. There the low brutishness of his nature wallowed, like the swine, in his filth; and, in a companionship with men of his own order, he imbibed fresh supplies of the spirit of evil, and increased energy for the exercise of his demoniac propensities.

These boon partakers in these revellings, however, were persons far below him in point of position in life; and, although around the festive board it was "hail fellow, well met," when these orgies were ended, and sleep had recalled reason from her banished throne to resume her dominion, his fury was equal to the drunken love he expressed the previous night, for admitting to his fellowship wretches as low in the grade of society as they were debased in morals and hackneyed in every species of vice; so that, whenever they approached him in public by day, they were sure to meet a rude and contemptuous repulse. The night, however, repaid them for all. The bottle purchased a renewal of their friendship and a forgiveness of their wrongs of pride. The wild beast of the sun was the tamed beast of the moon; and stars rose and set over the dark places of souls who sought that miry slough in which to revel in all the depths of degradation.

Charles despised this man as he deserved, and

spoke of him in terms of great reprobation. But then he was useful, and performed what no other man would who either respected himself or valued the good opinion of others. So that the necessity of the times pleaded in his favor, while every attribute of justice, humanity, and virtue, condemned him to his real and infamous level.

When James, at the death of his brother, ascended the throne, and Papacy again set up its standard, after a lapse of more than a century, the people of England were thrown into a complete state of mourning. Nearly the whole population were Protestants, and the bigotry which he was known to feel, incited just fears for their future tranquillity.

The rebellion, as we have seen, grew out of this state of public sentiment. Jeffrys, soon after James' accession, became a peer of the realm, and managed, with his usual dexterous villany, to subjugate all other favorites to his own advantage. Lord Guildford, the former favorite of the king, was displaced from his high position, and made to yield in his favor. His summary proceedings towards disaffected whigs, made him valuable as a protector and vindicator of the government.

Algernon Sydney, one of those whose avowed principles did honor to humanity, for the liberal views he sought to disseminate, was executed under Jeffrys' order in a manner so inhuman and so disgraceful, that even the rankest tories condemned its

shameful perpetration. But he gloried in being censured by the people. The sovereign's favor was his only object, and James saw in him the exact person for such like purposes and offices. He was his faithful friend and servant, and one in all difficulties to have recourse to. When, therefore, trials of the rebels were suggested to the king, Jeffrys was immediately selected to preside, as his nature would here find a congenial task, and the revenge of his sovereign, he knew, would find its highest gratification in the utmost cruelty that mind or heart could devise.

## CHAPTER VI.

It was early in September when, with full instructions on this point, the lord chief justice set out for Somersetshire, and in the administration of his unlimited prerogative, as a hungry lion in his lair, he gloated over the victims of his unheard-of barbarity, till the most hardened and vicious sickened at the thought of such human monstrosity.

Jeffrys was accompanied by four other judges; and about this time Lord Guildford, keeper of the privy seal, was taken ill. Although during his life he had been more conscientious than Jeffrys, yet the near prospect of death now revealed to him the many enormities he had been guilty of in his servile wish to serve an earthly sovereign, in direct opposition to the will of his heavenly one. Troubled, and sorrowful in mind, he determined on seeing James while strength remained, to plead for mercy for the unfortunate rebels, whose fate, he knew, if left entirely to Jeffrys, would be cruel to the last degree. But he pleaded in vain; the king was invulnerable to all entreaties on this point, and replied to Guildford's supplications by taunting him with a want of loyalty and affection both for his person and interest. Lord

Guildford was too weak for any thing further; he retired from the royal presence with his conscience lightened by the thought of having done his duty, if he had not achieved his object. His death followed in a few days after; when a letter was immediately dispatched to Jeffrys, from the king, informing him that the reward of his *faithful services would be the great seal*—thus intimating his wishes, without expressing them, that mercy for Monmouth's followers would find no favor from him. How fully this tool of power acted out the veiled suggestion of implacable vengeance, will be seen by the revolting recital of the following pages.

The military power throughout the country were ordered to act in entire obedience to Jeffrys' command, and with every thing to abet his sanguinary power, he arrived at Winchester, in the county of Hampshire, and commenced the work he loved so well.

This place was some distance from the seat of war, but a number of the rebels having fled thither, he resolved on making this his first resting place; to find out all he could by means of spies and scouts, and then to perform his mission.

Two cases at once presented themselves. John Nelthorpe, a lawyer, who had been outlawed for joining in the Rye-house plot, had fought in the rebel army, and immediately after the battle of Sedgemoor had fled to Winchester, in company with John Hicks,



a non-conformist divine, who had also joined the insurgent troops. These men on their arrival, fearing to present themselves at an inn, had gone to a house beyond the town, occupied by a widow, and representing themselves as two benighted and tired travellers, the compassionate lady gave them lodgings for the night and fed them at her own table.

This was the Lady Alice Lisle, now far advanced in years. Her husband had been one of Cromwell's adherents, and had sat in the long parliament; but she had never shared his political views, always retaining the high sense of loyalty she had been nurtured in from her earliest childhood. Their conjugal happiness, notwithstanding this difference of sentiment, had suffered no diminution; she was exemplary in her conduct both as a wife and mother, and possessed a character for amiability and benevolence which endeared her to the hearts of all who knew her. A tale of sorrow always called forth the tear of sympathy, and a ready redress, so far as laid in her power; and when these two individuals, worn with fatigue and disappointment, presented themselves before her, she saw only their distress, kindly took them in, and ministered to their wants.

This was discovered, and a warrant immediately issued for their apprehension. Her house was surrounded by soldiers, under Feversham's orders. The search commenced, Hicks was found in an adjoining malt-house, and Nelthorpe in the chimney. They

were taken and conveyed to the jail, to await their trial, and Lady Alice Lisle with them. Dragged, without regard to her venerable age, her Christian character, and those virtues which had made her the admiration of all who knew her, to occupy a loathsome dungeon, for the exercise of that benevolence to suffering humanity which should have excused even a knowledge of the crime of the offenders, of which she was entirely ignorant.

Lady Alice was brought up for trial first, and her entrance in the court excited a painful sensation throughout. Many ladies of her acquaintance were present, and on seeing one whom they so deeply loved reduced to such suffering, and in a situation so affecting, burst into tears, and their sobbings filled the whole place. The character of Jeffrys was too well known to indulge hope in a single breast; and as a lamb brought before a lion they regarded their beloved friend.

The first witness called to testify against her was named Dunne. He had been present at the arrest of the rebels; and, on being interrogated, was going to relate the simple facts in such a manner as would entirely exculpate Lady Lisle from all blame, by stating that her receiving these men was like her constant habits to the unfortunate. But Jeffrys interfered, and stormed and raved to such a degree that he was frightened almost out of his wits—calling him a liar and snivelling presbyterian villain. “Gen-

“gentlemen of the Jury,” he exclaimed, “take notice of the carriage of this fellow; a Turk is a saint to such as he is. O, what a generation of vipers I live amongst.”

Lady Alice sat in the court with her soul weighed down with woe. “O religion,” she thought, “that under its name horrors like these should come forth. O, mockery to its Divine founder!” And her heart sunk within her at the issue she saw so likely to follow this barbarian’s conduct.

Dunne at length said, “I do not know what to do or say, my Lord,” so completely bewildered was this well-meaning man by the ferocity of the looks, tones and manners of Jeffrys. “O, the brazen-faced, impudent villain,” again he burst forth. “You, gentlemen of the crown, see that an information of perjury be preferred against this scoundrel.”

When the witnesses had finished all they were able to say, which amounted to very little, as will be seen by the above, being all browbeaten after the same fashion, Lady Alice was called on to give her defence.

She arose tremblingly, and at once proceeded to say that she had taken in Hicks, from knowing warrants were out against him for field-preaching; but being a minister of the gospel, had never dreamed of his having been concerned in the rebellion, and taking up arms against the government. “I succoured him,” she said with her sweet mild voice, “because I

thought he was persecuted while in the service of his Divine Master, but am innocent from any other cause in his behalf." The court could not but regard what she said as exculpating her from all blame, and at once concluded so innocent and gentle a being must be discharged. But in this idea they were greatly mistaken; for no sooner had she finished than Jeffrys broke forth with, "A snivelling Presbyterian! I tell you there is not one of you canting Presbyterians but had a hand in the rebellion—you are all a set of villains. Presbyterianism is only another word for villany of all kinds. They are all knaves, and thou amongst the number. They are the wretches who have disturbed the peace of the kingdom for half a century. They plucked royalty from the throne once, and would do so again. Your husband joined in this league, and received his honors for his traitorous villany. Madam, you know it, and the dangerous principles you have derived from him must be arrested in their progress. Gentlemen of the jury, whigs and dissenters have done their work of destruction, causing more bloodshed and anarchy than any other known element on the face of the earth."

The jury retired. But his impatience broke forth soon after with words of loud wonder and astonishment at the time they were taking in a case that a moment was sufficient to decide. And if they did not at once do so, he would lock them up all night.

Fear seems to have had an entire influence on all



who appeared before him, witnesses and jury ; and we well know how this can sway and even paralyse the judgment. There certainly was nothing in this amiable woman worthy of death. The simple exercise of her benevolent feelings resulted in her being taken up, but her words showed she knew not that these men had done aught offensive to the government. For his persecution for preaching she had compassionated Hicks, and the other as his friend. What verdict could a jury award but an acquittal of guilt, from a statement like this ?

Her gentle manners, her sweet voice, whose silvery tones penetrated every heart present, and whose amiable and benevolent character filled every tongue with praise, caused an anxiety the most intense ; and when the jury entered, that dense crowd held their breath till the foreman, on being interrogated, gave his answer, and Guilty sounded through the court.

The feeling it produced may be imagined but not described ; and when the prisoner was conducted to her cell, tears of anguish fell from every eye at the thought of such glaring injustice.

The following morning the barbarian Jeffrys pronounced the sentence, that she should be burnt alive that very day. But the indignation excited against him was so great that he feared to carry it into execution. Many even of the devoted adherents to the crown remonstrated against such cruelty, while the clergy of Winchester Cathedral put in their plea



for a mitigation of this cruel doom. Jeffrys was a little afraid of too much bravado towards them, as they were in high repute with the tory party, and conceded five days to the unfortunate prisoner.

During that time every public effort was made in her favor. But the known cruelty of James' nature prevented much from being anticipated from his clemency to one whom his brother-spirit in blood-thirstiness had condemned. Ladies of high rank were deeply interested, and petitions flowed in from all quarters. Even Clarendon, the brother-in-law of the king, pleaded for her; but he turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties for her pardon, granting only a commutation of her sentence to being hanged instead of being burnt.

In less than a week she was brought forth from her dungeon to ascend the place of execution in Winchester market. During her confinement she had wasted much, but the serenity of her countenance indicated the inward peace she enjoyed. And amid the bleeding anguished hearts of thousands, she was put to death, leaving behind a testimony of the power of that blessed religion in whose cause she suffered, and another stigma on the character of a monarch who stands alone as a ruler, for that savage implacability which could consign an aged innocent woman to the scaffold, for the exercise of that virtue which is the highest feminine adornment.

The next came Mrs. Gaunt, another aged widow.

A lady of high esteem, an anabaptist, but extremely liberal in her religious views, exercising her beneficence on all classes and professions of doctrinal belief, wherever it was needed. But her being a dissenter formed a sufficient ground for the uncontrolled ferocity of Jeffrys. She was brought before him charged with harboring rebels and traitors, so far back as the Rye-house plot. The real nature of her offence now was receiving into her house and concealing one of Monmouth's men. When the man presented himself before her hospitable dwelling, with his clothes torn by hiding from his pursuers in brakes and woods, almost fainting with hunger and thirst; regardless of the penalties proclaimed for receiving and succoring such, with the kind compassion that had always distinguished her, she found for him what she had hoped would prove a safe and secure hiding place in an out-house at the outskirts of her estate, used as a shelter from the elements for her cows. First providing him with a change of linen and other necessaries, and with food and water. She knew her danger well, but supported by those scriptures which said, "Hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth." Isaiah, 16 : 3, 4 verses. "Let my outcasts dwell with thee." Obadiah, 13, 14 ver. "Thou shouldest not have given him up that escaped in the day of distress," &c.—she turned not away when he sought a refuge and succor at her hands.

When she was brought into court, her appearance

indicated the perfect composure of her mind. She had been imprisoned some weeks, but her confinement had not wrought its usual work. Her bearing was erect and fearless, and she had not wasted, but her feelings may be better imagined than described when the witness first called up against her was the very man whom she had so humanely befriended.

“And now, fellow,” began Jeffrys, “what have you to say about this woman? speak out freely, she belongs to the race of dissenters, and they are all rogues.”

It seems scarcely credible that this man could turn against a benefactress who had periled her life for him in the hour of his great extremity; but it is nevertheless true. To gain the reward and the indemnity from punishment proclaimed to all who should bring evidence against persons harboring rebels, had induced this poor wretch to violate the most sacred and touching of all earthly obligations; for what can equal that of staking a life for the relief of another, and that other an utter stranger, whose poor and suffering situation alone pleaded for compassion?

When interrogated thus by the judge, he gave the particulars of the case as they really were. The thought of his own exemption from the doom of so many of his unfortunate associates, seemingly blinding his judgment to all considerations beyond. But his eye studiously avoided that of Mrs. Gaunt. She

fixed her gaze of consternation on his face, while giving his testimony to the exulting Jeffrys, but said nothing in return to such monstrous ingratitude.

When the man had finished, he broke forth with "Good! you are an honest Peter Lumpkin, you are. And I hope your example of showing up these benevolent ladyships, who are so zealous in acting against their king, will effectually put a stop to such doings for the future." He then pronounced the sentence upon the prisoner, in the fiendish tones which distinguished his voice at all times, but heightened considerably in malignity when giving full scope to his cruel nature on such occasions. Turning to Mrs. Gaunt, he vociferated, "You are to be taken at once to the place of execution, madam, on a hurdle, and then your body is to be burned until you are dead." She heard this horrible doom pronounced with a composure which surprised all who beheld her, and was led forth by the guard to the place appointed, unresistingly and uncomplaining. Her heroism penetrated the heart of every beholder, and almost every eye shed tears at her fate, regarding her as a martyr for the Christian fortitude she displayed and the principles from which she acted.

The straw and wood, which was so soon to consume her, was piled on by busy hands. On reaching it, she stooped down and put the straw in such a manner that it would soonest ignite the whole. Then addressing the assembled multitude, she said: "You

know the offence which is attributed to me: I plead guilty to the charge. In obedience to my Lord's command, I took the stranger in, clothed and fed the hungry, and sheltered the outcast. For this I am to be put to a cruel death. My Saviour suffered an excruciating death; and shall I complain and shrink from it? No. And in his name, and with his example before me, I pray for my murderers. Father," lifting her eyes towards Heaven, and clasping her hands, "forgive them, they know not what they do."

William Penn, the Quaker, was one who witnessed her being tied to the stake, where she was consumed; and declared to a friend after, that he had never heard or read of anything that so truly breathed the spirit of Christ, as the patience and meekness with which she bore this unjust and unfeeling expiation of the law's most cruel decree. This was the last female who suffered in England for political crimes.

Hicks' and Nelthorpe's execution followed soon after. Nelthorpe was hanged, but Hicks was burnt. He was a Presbyterian divine, and had often preached in the open fields to hundreds of hearers, who, knowing James' zeal for the Catholic religion, loved to rally round the Protestant banner wherever it was unfurled, and to drink in the doctrines most dear to their hearts. Jeffrys belonged to the Church of England, and hated Popery as much as he did non-conformity; but then the *great seal* was in view, and



to please his sovereign, both interest and nature concurred to the commission of cruelties which will render the autumn of 1685 one to be remembered as long as our language shall last and memory exist.

When Jeffrys had finished his work in Hampshire, he proceeded to Dorsetshire, and in the principal town took up his quarters. Then, with a bravado of character natural to one lost not only to humanity, but all sense of shame, he ordered the court-room to be gorgeously hung with scarlet or crimson velvet—and, previously to entering on his work of death, attended church.

The edifice was one of rare and picturesque beauty, and stood within an enclosure surrounded with yew and cypress trees, where vaults and grave-stones studded the verdant sod. It was almost entirely covered with ivy, apt companion of decay. In a flaunting equipage Jeffrys drove up to the gate, and with a red, bloated face, pushed into the door,—the peaceful inhabitants shrinking from his gaze, as from some monstrous reptile; for well they knew the merciless cruelties that were so soon to follow on the poor prisoners languishing in the jails and prisons of the surrounding country. All through Dorsetshire, Monmouth's memory was cherished with almost idolatrous fondness. Here the brightest hopes had been indulged for his success; and here now languished thousands of once happy families, in misery and gloom, not only for the fate

of their beloved leader, but for their own dear fathers, brothers, and husbands, who were so soon to be butchered by this most inhuman judge. Gloom and sorrow pervaded every soul, and their prayer to Heaven was to soften the stony and relentless heart of him in whom was placed the power to dispose as he willed, so many to an ignominious death.

The amiable divine who officiated on this occasion, urged upon his hearers the virtue of mercy, charging those who refused to listen to its dictates, that a day of reckoning would surely come, when they who showed none, for their obduracy, would receive none in return from the final Judge of all the earth.

Jeffrys seemed wretched while the discourse proceeded; he knit his brows and clenched his teeth; then grinned his horrible and terrific grin. When the service was over, which was evidently a great relief, he hurried out of the pew, jumped into his carriage, and, giving orders to his coachman, the horses galloped off at full speed. Jeffrys, like Kirke, mingled with his cruelty an inordinate love of money; and the number of prisoners who were to be tried by him, seemed to present another prospect of reward beside the possession of the great seal. Thus, while he would cause the most horrifying cruelties, in revenge for their disloyalty to their sovereign, to reach the king's ears, he could still, in a private way, through the medium of their purse-strings, be

a *little compassionate* to those who had the good fortune to have anything available.

The poorer portion of the rebels were, therefore, selected as the first victims, and death promised to hundreds a happy release from their sufferings.

From the close of the battle many had lain in loathsome dungeons, with their wounds undressed; vermin had bred in them, and rendered their agonies almost intolerable. The hand of charity and piety had relieved some, but by far the greater part remained unthought of and uncared for. When, therefore, they were conducted from their prisons to the court, an end of their suffering was a consoling reflection. They were, for the most part, reduced to mere skeletons, their eyes glaring from sunken sockets, and their cheek-bones almost cutting through their skins.

Then, when brought, one by one, before their ferocious judge, trembling with weakness and sinking with fear, Jeffrys would commence his brow-beating and harrowing language, conjuring up visions of the figure they were so soon to cut as they hung at the cross-roads, swinging in the breeze, and their irons yielding sweet music to the merry milk-maids as they passed along; while their wives and children would admire the pretty picture hung up there for them to gaze at. Then he would laugh, joke, and shout, from the exhilaration produced by liberal potations of brandy, and proceed to his delightful task.

To lighten his labors, as he termed them, and lessen time as much as possible, he told the prisoners that the surest path to mercy was to plead guilty. And the poor creatures catching at the idea, as a drowning man at a straw, eagerly obeyed the suggestion, and were rewarded for their credulity by their immediate condemnation; and were ordered to be hung up as soon as the utterance of the law permitted. Thus two hundred and ninety-two were disposed of in Dorsetshire, and the face of that beautiful country was rendered horrible by sights at which the heart grew sick.

On every village green, where the sports of the happy peasants had often made the air resound with merriment, a gibbet, with its victim decaying, exhibited its fearful spectacle and impregnated the atmosphere with its loathsome impurity. Superstition added to the horrors of the scene, and tales of ghosts dancing in the midnight, when the moonlight rendered visible every object that surrounded the peaceful but sorrowing dwellings of the rustics, were circulated and listened to with the awful solemnity the mournful state of the times so readily excited.

At every place, also, where two roads met, a rebel was suspended, to increase, if that were possible, the terror that pervaded all ranks and grades of society. Scarcely a being ventured out after sunset, shapes of ghostly horror, of every form and color, being said to walk at large in high-ways and by-ways,

and in lanes and avenues, where nature's garniture of leaves and flowers decked all things with loveliness; and the calm beauty of the declining year shed a halo, as it were, of love and peace on every thing around; and were believed to hold their court nightly that they might prepare Jeffrys' evil spirit for the cruelties of the morrow.

Now followed the consideration of bribes. A committee was therefore formed to negotiate with the *richer* rebels, and a secret understanding given, that pardon, even in *their extreme* case, could be purchased. This was no sooner made known than hope began to spring up in many a forlorn heart. Many a widow, sorrowing in long perspective, rejoiced, even though at the prospect of losing the accumulations of years of toil. Many a youthful pair, commencing life with no possession but health and love for each other, had worked hard, with the reward in view of one day obtaining a portion of land and a cottage which they might call their own. And a home where clustering olive branches crowned their happy and contented board had been attained by many a hardy son of the soil; together with little farms, with cows for the supply of their dairy, and horses for the plough and the team. Many of these possessions, (leaving their once comfortable owners utterly destitute,) passed into the hands of the insatiate Jeffrys, as the purchase of their pardon and return to their stripped, yet rejoicing families.



There was one case which was considered extremely and cruelly brutal, even in those barbarous days; a case where age and gray hairs should have spared the lash, at least, of the scorpion's tongue. An old man of some four score years, reduced to the maintenance of parish-pay, was accused of wishing success to Monmouth's cause, being a Presbyterian, and zealously attached to the Protestant religion. He had been imprisoned since Jeffrys' arrival, and was brought into court tottering beneath the weight of years, his gray hair flowing over his bent shoulders, and his dimmed sight scarcely allowing him to grope his way without being guided at every step; this poor old man presented to every humane heart an object of so pitiable a nature, that few could behold him unmoved. As he entered, Jeffrys began with—"O, you old wretch! a Presbyterian, aint you? I can smell one of your tribe forty miles off. O, the misery you have brought upon the nation! The halter is very nearly round thy neck, thou barefaced rascal—thou impudent old rebel against thy sovereign. I'll teach thee to be more loyal for the future. I'll prevent thee from doing any more mischief." Many of the most bitter tories, pitying the condition of one so full of years and sorrows, interposed and said: "Beside his age and infirmities he is on the parish, my lord."

"Then the parish shall be quickly relieved," he replied, "of such a wicked burden."

Tears coursed silently down the prisoner's furrowed cheeks, but he answered not a word; and he left the court with the sentence of death upon him, which was to take place that evening.

Jeffrys delighted to show his power as well as his fearlessness of public opinion. Many of the surrounding noblemen had greatly censured his atrocious conduct for butchering, robbing, and bullying their poor neighbors, which reaching Jeffrys' ears, caused him to resolve on vengeance. At the gate of the Earl of Stowell he ordered the corpse of a rebel to be suspended; at the church door, where another was in the habit of worshipping, he ordered one to be hung, and to remain. This dreadful sight the poor villagers were compelled to witness during their devotions, and to behold their acquaintance and kinsman deprived even of the decent interment of his mouldering frame. The nobleman whom it was intended to punish, refrained from his usual attendance at the sanctuary; and his family, not being able to endure the revolting sight of such a desecration of public and private feelings, also absented themselves from their attendance on the instruction of their spiritual leader. These enormities, however, still proceeded, and as Jeffrys enriched himself with spoils, the poverty of the peasants increased to a frightful extent. The confusion that reigned everywhere rendered employment scarce, and the country was flooded with beggars; men, women,

and children, having no other resource. Their once thriving, and in many instances lovely cottages, where the rose had been taught to climb around the shaded porch, redolent with bloom and perfume, had been yielded to the rapacity of this cruel man. But life was precious; wives and children possessed a husband and a father whom they had long considered lost, and heaven, they trusted, would give them bread, and their water was sure. Whole families, homeless, penniless wanderers, were compelled to seek from their richer neighbors the only means of existence; and mothers and babes thus exposed to the elements, in many instances met with untimely deaths. And if any of the pardoned were known to have secreted anything, or to have obtained gifts of any value, it was scented out, and agents officially collected a basket of eggs, a piece of bacon, or a bag of corn from persons in the last stage of poverty and starvation.

Monmouth's defeature and cruel death, when in the act of struggling for the ascendancy of the Protestant religion, greatly tended to deepen the religious feelings of the times. A sincere and fervent piety, therefore, prevailed throughout the counties where his popularity was greatest. Most of these were dissenters, and held their meetings for prayer and supplication to the Almighty, for a deliverance from the scourge that then swept his people from the earth. And it is a remarkable feature of that period,

that tempests raged with exceeding violence, both on sea and land, doing much damage. And those religious bands, when they met, with a sad satisfaction talked over those disasters, and seemed to derive a melancholy comfort from the thought, that God had sent forth his judgments to show his people that his just indignation was kindled against those evil doers who despoiled the earth with their barbarity, and spread misery and gloom, like a panoply, over a country flowing with milk and honey; for the year had been exceedingly abundant in crops of all kinds.

Jeffrys knew how the various religious sects regarded his doings; whenever, therefore, a culprit of more than ordinary reputation for piety was brought before him, his rage knew no bounds. And when he would question them on their wickedness, in rebelling against their rightful sovereign, their replies in many instances were firm and unflinching. They would acknowledge no compunction, own no error in what they had done. They were servants of Christ, and had fought in his cause. Even on the scaffold they refused to listen to the exhortations of the clergymen who besought them to express their sorrow and repentance for what they had done. With hymns and praises on their tongues, they yielded up their lives to Him who, they doubted not, would arise and dispel the mists of ignorance which blinded the wicked hearts and minds of the enemies of their Lord.

A pious officer, who had belonged to the Parliamentary army of Cromwell, whose age almost precluded him from service, had joined Monmouth, and fought in the battle of Sedgemoor. He was zealously opposed to monarchy, in all its forms, owning no king but his Creator. Fearless and undaunted he stood in the court harranguing Jeffrys for his cruelty, for putting so many martyrs to death, describing the doom of such in the theological phraseology of Cromwell's time, and concluding by saying, he was in his Master's hand, who, if he saw good to remove him to his presence, through his instrumentality, he was willing to go. Jeffrys fiercely replied: Sirrah, thou hast anticipated the reward of thy disloyalty. He was sentenced to be hanged; but the horses being frightened by some means in conveying him to execution, he thought and said that the Lord had placed an angel in the way, as he did before Balaam's ass, and though invisible to those who accompanied him, was plainly seen by the poor animals, who thus refused to proceed.

When he arrived at the scaffold he addressed the assembled multitude in the language of his fervent and sincere piety. Said he was going to join his fellow-martyrs before the throne of the Redeemer. A sacred enthusiasm lit up his countenance, and lifting his eyes to heaven, cried with a loud voice to the Almighty ruler of heaven and earth, to



avenge his cause, and scatter his enemies like chaff before the wind. The halter being placed around his neck, he was soon launched into that world where it was evident his best affections had long been garnered up.

The chronicles of that period have preserved the sayings and writings left by these devoted Christians, and they were besides preserved in the hearts and memories of thousands, as the mementos of martyrs to their faith; attesting by their blood the power of that religion which they loved and cherished so deeply, with every degradation and suffering which mortality could endure before their eyes—with a courage that no human torture could daunt or destroy, lessen or corrupt.

## CHAPTER VII.

But all these barbarous executions caused the more exultation to Jeffrys. He triumphed in the lengthened and still lengthening list of his victims; and boasted the number he had hung, over every recurring midnight and besotted revel. The rebels' religious belief and support, under their dreadful doom, formed a fruitful theme of merriment around his festive board; and the misery everywhere visible in the surrounding country was hiccupped forth by him and his boon companions in tones and shouts more in keeping with the howls of a company of Bedlamites, than human beings still in the possession and enjoyment of reason. The sparkling glass, the ribald song, circulated at those unhallowed seasons, until the maddened brain reeled beneath its burden, and, like hogs, they fell beneath the tables; and lay stretched and dead upon the floors, till the fumes evaporated through their drenched pores, and relieved the density of an accumulation on those delicate fibres, which, without such an outlet, must have destroyed them for ever.

The number hanged and burnt during the "bloody assizes" exceeded three hundred, and is without a parallel in any case of a like nature upon

record. Although in previous instances of a rebellion being put down, no one thought of ascribing clemency to the crown; still on no former occasion was a judge found who could sink every attribute of humanity to such a degree as Jeffrys did. Cruel and avaricious by nature, ambition formed yet another strong ingredient in a character that required no spur to the indulgences of his blood-thirsty propensities.

Every refined and elevating attribute of soul he loved to crush and subdue, without regard to sex or age. A most painful instance of this nature occurred at the close of the Dorsetshire trials. A young gentleman, the only son of parents who ranked high with the gentry of the country, had been brought up and educated with great care for the bar. His personal attractions were great, and his manners were polished and elegant; he also possessed a goodness of disposition and a fame for acquirements which caused him to be distinguished far above most others of his class. Unfortunately for him, he became one of Monmouth's partizans, and used his influence, wherever he could command it, in augmenting the number of those whom he trusted one day would obtain for the nation a Protestant monarch.

Previously to this he had won the affections of a lovely girl, who was greatly distinguished for her feminine graces and accomplishments. She eagerly joined in the enthusiasm of her lover; and their subsequent meetings, after Monmouth's proclama-

tion at Lyme, were occupied by the all-engrossing subject.

Their conversation in the shadowed grove, or beside the rippling beach, or with their assembled friends, amid the genial delights of the drawing-room, was tempered with the pleasures in perspective, of a change of sovereigns, from that of the morose and Popish James, to the idol of so many hearts, the fascinating and amiable Monmouth. This devoted pair were betrothed, and the bridal favors ordered for the happy occasion which was to unite for ever two loving and congenial spirits. It was to take place the day after Monmouth's victory, which at this period, with the sanguine hopes and expectations of youth, they assured themselves, was near. The sentiments of the gallant young man were well known, and he became a mark for both civil and military tories. When, therefore, the battle of Sedgemoor decided in favor of James, he was suddenly laid hold of and lodged in prison, where, to the unspeakable anguish of his fond parents, and her to whom he was dearer than life, he languished till Jeffrys had almost emptied the jails and prisons, and was then brought out to take his trial. Brutal as he had always been, it seemed he could excel even himself on this occasion. The young man's affianced bride, in her deep devotion, determined to be present at his trial; but when she heard the coarse and bullying language of Jeffrys addressed to one whose

education and refinement of character had won for him the love and admiration of her young and dotting heart, her agony so completely overcame her that she fainted, and was borne senseless from the court.

The prisoner was not wealthy, and a small bribe was not enough, in a case like his, to purchase a pardon; and besides, the position of the parties would have entailed an odium on Jeffrys, of so public a nature, that policy, even in one so shameless, forbade his resorting to it. He was sentenced to be executed the next day.

When this was known to the parents and the unfortunate girl, it is impossible to convey any idea of their wretchedness and extreme misery. In her wild enthusiasm, she determined to throw herself at the feet of Jeffrys and beseech her lover's life, believing no heart could be steeled against grief like hers. Early on the following morning, therefore, in all the charms of beauty, in the bloom and loveliness of youth, she appeared before the judge, in whose hands lay the issues of the fate of him, around whom every hope of happiness in this world was entwined.

As she fell at Jeffrys' feet, her agony melted every heart present but his, and tears flowed copiously; but he indulged in a fiendish laugh, and, adding insult to cruelty, told her to bind her flowing tresses and go and see the gallows erecting, for that her lover



would be strung up within the hour; concluding with a joke so coarse, that the blood mounted to her cheeks, but again fell back with such violence on the sinking heart so soon to be petrified in the embrace of death, that her blanched cheeks, as she turned her saddened gaze on the inhuman monster, seemed more like a piece of Parian marble than a living being; her dark and heavy eyelashes in such strong contrast to its snowy whiteness, and her luxuriant hair imparting the last touch of extreme loveliness to her shrinking and trembling form.

Tottering forth from his dreadful presence, she determined to witness the final scene; and, looking round as she reached the door, she inquired the spot of one of the bystanders. The wildness of her tones, and the bewilderment of her eyes, conveyed an idea that reason was fast receding from her throne; and the wind being high, as she flew towards the place of execution, her hair streaming in the breeze, and her robe taking the current of air, she looked, in truth, like a frightened maniac fleeing from her pursuers.

Many persons had already congregated around the suspended gibbet; and with breathless agony she watched the preparation making for her noble-hearted lover. At length the hammering ceased, and a dreadful moment intervened. Then came forth the guards and took their stand, and then followed the doomed man. She strained her eyes to catch a

last look. Oh, how changed was the form from what it was when she beheld him last! So pale, so woe-begone, so attenuated! She heard him breathe forth the pious resignation of his soul into his Maker's hands, with an upraised and listening look. She saw the halter placed round his neck, the drop fall, the last struggle; and then, closing her eyes, without a word or movement of a muscle, she sank into the arms of William Penn, who stood by her, and expired immediately,—ossification of the heart having taken place.

Penn seems to have had an extraordinary *penchant* for witnessing executions; and in this instance it was fortunate. He conveyed the poor girl to her parents, whose grief almost exceeded that of the Psalmist, for all their earthly hopes had been centred in this their only child; and in the bitterness of their sorrow they exclaimed, over and over again, as they gazed on the lovely form now resting so calmly and quietly in death: "Oh, we cannot, cannot live, now our Mary is gone! Oh, what she has suffered! Oh, what a fate was hers! Oh, why did we not follow her; why did we let her go out of our sight! Oh, let us die with her! Oh, to live is impossible!"

The survivors, during these dreadful times, were often indeed more objects of compassion than the victims themselves; for the tragedy they outlived rested on their lacerated memories while life re-

mained. And though time, the great healer, softened the poignancy of the stroke, a portion of its bitterness haunted them ever after, and cast a shadow over every bright and buoyant hope that sought to lighten their earthly paths.

Mary Argrave was borne to her grave in the churchyard of Lyme, three days after her death, by eight young ladies dressed in white. The coffin was also white, indicative of her youth and virgin innocence; and on its lid fair hands had placed clusters of white rosebuds. Thousands attended her funeral, in token of their love and admiration for one whose life had been passed in the endearing exercise of every feminine virtue.

The cypress waves its branches in consecrated ground over her silent tomb, weeping love followed her to her last resting place, and heavenly hopes were offered by God's messenger to the bereaved; but Christopher Battiscombe, her unfortunate lover, was taken from the gallows and buried at the first cross-road leading from Lyme. Sorrow has many forms; but his weeping friends' grief far exceeded that of Mary Argrave's, for it seemed to them without a parallel. A Christian burial in sacred ground would have been a solace, but the grave of a murderer was too harrowing to natures such as theirs. A few short months consigned, first his mother, and then his father, to the church-yard where Mary Argrave was borne; and, like her, they were attended

by thousands, who, beholding their fate, wept at the infatuation of the multitude who so eagerly joined the standard of the unfortunate Monmouth; and, contrasting the enthusiasm connected with his landing, with its tragical and eventful close and consequences, sorrowed over the short-sightedness of human vision, which permitted experience to be the only teacher and expounder of the mysterious and hidden future. Could the result have been foreseen, how much suffering would have been prevented. But the limit had not yet been set. The tyrant still occupied his throne of power, beneath which no footstool of mercy rested, nor no persuasive angel voice whispered, "stay thy murderous purpose, or revoke thy stern decree.

The Dorsetshire trials being ended, Jeffrys proceeded to Exeter, but there were few offenders there, Monmouth's popularity not being very great in that part of the country. But he entered on his work in the same spirit as before, unsoftened in ferocity, and unchecked by the whisperings or the reproaches of conscience. The slightest offences were, therefore, still punished with the utmost rigor, without regard to sex or age.

One poor woman who had been overheard to utter some rebukeful remarks on the cruelty of the judge and the papacy of the king, was brought before Jeffrys with a charge of high treason. She declared her innocence in the most piteous terms,

her eyes streaming with tears, her hands lifted up in supplication of mercy, and her voice broken by sobs. "Ah, you jade," he replied, "this is the way you traduce your betters, is it? You wanted a new king, eh? you were tired of old friends and wanted new," he continued, banteringly: "For fear you should forget them altogether, you shall have a constant remembrance. You shall be whipped through every market town in the county, my lady; you shall travel, you shall," grinning as he spoke, to see her writhing agony as she heard him utter this cruel, this barbarous sentence.

"Oh, my lord," she cried, falling on her knees; "oh, my lord, in pity to my children, spare their poor, poor mother from such a dreadful doom. Oh, my lord, let me be hanged,—let me be burnt—anything but this."

"Ha, ha, ha! You would choose, would ye? Remove the woman," he vociferated, in a loud and surly voice. She was accordingly borne from the court-room to the jail, with the thoughts of this dreadful punishment before her, which must take many months in its execution. A scourging, to take place once a week, would render it full half a year at least.

She was the wife of a worthy peasant who had fought at Sedgemoor, in Monmouth's ranks. He had been hung, and hence the bitterness of her feelings towards the king and Jeffrys, which she had ex-



pressed, little supposing her words would be carried and brought in evidence against her; and that she would be torn from her five small children, who depended solely on the labor of her hands for their daily bread—cast into prison, and sentenced to a punishment which covered her face with shame and harrowed her soul with agonizing torture, at the bare thought of the lash. Her children, meanwhile, what would become of them? Poor things, they were taken to the poor-house, till this cruel doom should be fulfilled, to experience the tender mercies of a tory work-house governor, who hated the rebels, because they were Protestants, and had been defeated. In his province he was as great a tyrant as Jeffrys, and bullied and browbeat, wherever his power extended, with the most relentless cruelty.

But misery of all kinds was the order of the day, and people were accustomed to tales of every description of horror and terror. Every newspaper was filled from day to day, and week to week, with the most frightful details of public and private suffering; so that nothing surprised, nothing startled, as Jeffrys was considered capable of every enormity conceivable by either men or devils.

Two brothers' fate, however, seemed beyond even this order of things. They were sons of an opulent merchant in London, young, handsome, intelligent, and highly connected. They had not joined Monmouth's army, but were known to be dissenters, and

favorable to his cause. Their grandfather, named Giffin, in particular, had expressed sentiments extremely hostile to the government, and was a Baptist. Dissenting offenders always made Jeffrys furious. These young men were called Benjamin and William Hewling, one nineteen, the other twenty-one years old—their age forming to the general view strong cause for the exercise of lenity and mercy. But not to Jeffrys. When William was brought into court, his appearance commanded the admiration of every beholder; and the conclusion was, that the air of uprightness which rested so distinctly on his youthful and ingenuous countenance, would plead so eloquently in his behalf, that he could not be convicted. In this idea, however, they were greatly mistaken; for, with his characteristic ferocity, he commenced with, “Ah, thy grandfather ought to have been hung long ago; and he will yet. He’ll share thy doom; such wickedness cannot go for ever unpunished, the rascally old villain. O, these dissenters, they ought, all of them, to be burned in one heap. I want to consume the whole pack.”

The poor youth answered not a word. He had, with a fortitude surprising to one of his years, prepared himself for the worst, from knowing Jeffrys’ character, and had resigned himself to the fate he felt certain would be his. In all the buoyancy of youthful happiness, he saw that death was his inevitable doom, and calmly and meekly awaited the sen-

tence. There was scarcely a dry eye in all the vast assembled crowd. Jeffrys ordered that he should be hung next day. He heard it without any visible change; but the wailing and sobbing around him, as he was reconducted to the prison, visibly affected him. On the following morning he was executed, preserving to the last that gentle meekness of demeanor which melted the hardest heart. Even those veterans, to whom such sights had become familiar, were penetrated with grief at seeing such heroism and fortitude in one so young; and, could their feelings have spoken and acted, Jeffrys would have been torn to pieces.

Benjamin expected the same fate, though many encouraged hopes that he would be pardoned. The offence had been so slight, that surely one victim from a family so highly esteemed and respected would be enough. Jeffrys even pretended to feel merciful; and people began to augur a change in that adamant heart. But those who thought thus were greatly at fault. His avarice was the medium whence flowed this little stream of apparent lenity. A rich kinsman, from whom he had large expectations, interceded for the youth. So the trial was suspended until a petition for his life should be presented to the king.

This, Hewling's sister undertook to do in person, a young and beautiful girl of seventeen. Several of James' most devoted courtiers aided her in her en-

deavor; and Churchill in particular, obtained an audience, cautioning her, ere she entered the royal presence, against expecting too much. They stood in the antechamber, awaiting the king's entrance, and the elegance and loveliness of the fair petitioner greatly impressed him, "But James' heart, my dear lady," he observed, in answer to her sanguine hopes that her brother would be pardoned, "is as hard as this marble," laying his hand on the mantelpiece near which he stood. "So expect nothing, I pray you."

The sister's love, however, rose above her fears, and on entering the king's presence she threw herself at his feet, and in tones that would have melted the hardest heart, with her lovely face bathed in tears, she besought pardon for her brother. Stating his tender years and his innocence of intention towards his sovereign.

James heard her with the cruel stoicism for which he was remarkable; and refused her petition without one softening palliative for the rejection of her suit. "He is a rebel, and must suffer the penalty due to such offenders;" he replied coolly.

The poor girl left his inexorable presence more dead than alive, and in a few days her beloved brother shared the fate of William, dying, like him, with a meekness and submission which has been embalmed in the hearts of thousands to the honor of that religion, whose supporting power deprived, in this



cruel extremity, not only death of its sting, but smoothed their passage to an ignominious grave.

No place manifested greater enthusiasm at Monmouth's reception than Taunton. Old and young echoed but one wish. The spirit of Cromwell was revived by his presence, and the most fervent devotion was felt for a cause that all so deeply loved. As it will be remembered, several young ladies formed a procession, in order to present him with a standard and a Bible. They were young school-girls, and were headed by their school-mistress, who carried the sacred volume at the head of her ranks, and with her own hands gave it to Monmouth with the banner. His graceful acknowledgment of the gift was treasured with delight in the hearts and memories of these amiable girls, and they trusted in the fulness of their souls that they would soon own as their sovereign, and the nation a king, a man whom the people delighted to honor. Poor girls! a sad fate awaited this simple expression of their regard. They were ferreted out by the minions of power, most of them without one compassionate feeling for their age and sex, and cast into prisons, where they languished till Jeffrys summoned them before him. O, it was a piteous sight to behold those young ladies, daughters, many of them, of wealth and station; educated and refined by the highest cultivation; the ornaments of their homes and the delight of doting parents, brought before the dreaded monster, and there in crowded



courts addressed in the coarse and brutal language so natural to his depraved tongue, and so delightful to a heart deadened and hardened to every humane and tender emotion. One of them had died ere the trial could take place, having been thrown into a jail where a fever was raging in its worst and most virulent state. Her constitution had been always delicate, and with the cruel doom of death before his daughter, her father had to see his child dragged like a felon to the cell, to take an infection from which none ever escaped. The nature of a parents feelings under circumstances like these can be more easily conceived than described. Willingly would he have gone in her stead ; but, alas, he was helpless in his sore and bitter agony. And, clasping her in a long last embrace, she entered what proved her last home on earth, took the infection and died in three days.

The intensity of the father's grief, however, had one mitigating reflection ; she was saved the doom of the gallows, which others had suffered so heroically and so meekly. But the misery occasioned by the thought that no kindred hand slaked the burning thirst, attendant on the disease, haunted him for years like a shadow, and poisoned by its remembrance every happy hour of his remaining existence.

Another of the victims, a high spirited, noble-hearted girl, determined when she was brought into court to go up to Jeffrys and plead for her life, and to this end framed a touching address to move the

pity of one who knew nothing of its gentle influences. Her words fell like music on the ears of all present, and hope fired many an anxious breast. But like the early dew and the morning cloud, it soon passed away, leaving only gloom and bitterness in its stead; for his only answer was addressed to the jailor angrily, desiring him to take her away. Her upraised hopeful countenance fell, and was in a moment suffused with tears, in which all present joined. The next morning she was executed, leaving parents and sisters to mourn her hard and untimely fate.

Some escaped punishment on the ground of extreme youth, many of them being at the time under ten years of age, but these were reserved and marked for future operations; for even royalty was plotting for spoils in these awful times, and when enormities of one kind ceased, others equally heinous commenced, and gave to the annals of this period a blackness unequalled by those of any passed, and, 'tis to be hoped, future age.

Jeffrys had still work, as he called it, to do; but hardened as his nature was, he wished it over. Not for any pangs of conscience he experienced, or any painful sensations on the score of humanity. On the contrary, he never felt better or happier, or entered with more zest into the festivities of the social or convivial hour. Balls and parties shared his presence, where he strutted in all the pride and pomp of a favorite of his sovereign; and received the smiles

and homage of youth and beauty, though regarded in their hearts, and associated in their minds, as a monster, like their childhood's horror—Bluebeard.

But the exhilarating dance proceeded notwithstanding, and the sparkling glass succeeded the day's miseries, and the finale revel dissipated all remembrance or care of the past, while the brilliant future he looked forward to, was a possession which made his heart dilate with delight. What to such a man were the groans and tears of the heartbroken homes and hearthstones of the surrounding country? He heard them not, nor cared if he did. Gain was the principle which alone actuated him, and he had a victim in view, from whom he determined to wring something worth while.

A most beautiful country seat stood a few miles from Exeter, surrounded by an extensive and valuable estate. This was owned by a gentleman to whom it had descended from his father, a wealthy member of the bar, whose name was Prideaux. He was known to entertain whig principles, but no other complaint could be lodged against him, as he had not joined Monmouth, or made himself in any way conspicuous as his partizan. But Jeffrys, who had already made a fortune by his ample trading in pardons, thought this a fine victim to pounce upon. He accordingly had him arrested for high treason, and thrown into prison. Prideaux had no redress farther than the employment of counsel to prove his innó-

cence of the charge when his trial should take place. Jeffrys was also on the alert against that time, as nothing of a definite nature could be found against him so far. Bribery was therefore put in action, and evidence extorted from men as the purchase of their lives when the halter was nearly around their necks. In such extremities, unhappily, persons can be found for such a purpose too often. Allegations were therefore made against this unoffending gentleman of the falsest kind, and witnesses were ready to be present at the day of trial, to prove all that Jeffrys required. All that the prisoner's counsel averred, therefore, availed nothing, and no alternative remained but to offer the judge a sum of money to obtain Prideaux's liberation.

He languished many tedious months in confinement, unwilling to make the sacrifice on which his liberation was offered, the extortion being so shameful that he felt perfectly outraged by the proposition. But *fifteen thousand pounds* was just the sum necessary to purchase an estate Jeffrys had set his heart upon, and Prideaux being a wealthy man, he determined on making him pay it. And at length, worn out in mind and body from his close incarceration for so many months, the friends of the prisoner persuaded him to yield, and complying reluctantly with their wishes, he gave a check for the amount, and once more enjoyed the privileges of life in the bosom of his happy family, who thought the purchase



cheap, as with the fears so naturally engendered by the times in which they lived, their despair rose far above their hopes. Jeffrys rubbed his hands with glee at this triumph of his manœuvring, and bought the estate with the money so unjustly and so wickedly obtained. Its price was that of innocent blood, and it was named accordingly by the people, *Aceldama*, a living record of his unhallowed doings.

During a period so hostile to mental quiet, it is scarcely conceivable that literary pursuits could have found any one sufficiently abstracted to enjoy its calm and gentle pleasures. But intensity of feeling, with persons of a poetic temperament, often finds its best interpreter in song, and in the impassioned strain of verse, an outlet for high-wrought sensibilities, otherwise painfully oppressive to the overburdened soul. A young man by the name of Tutchin was one of this class; and in gentle, poetic effusions, expressed the depression that characterized the once happy and blooming loveliness which surrounded the peaceful dwellers of this smiling country. He was known as the "Poet," and much beloved for the sweetness of his disposition and the amiability of his manners. A Protestant, and much attached to his religion, he had in his heart deeply espoused the cause of Monmouth, and watched with eager interest his fluctuations betwixt hope and fear, till the fatal battle of Sedgemoor exterminated all chance of seeing him obtain the crown, and Catholi-



cism routed from its throne of power. With all this devotion of feeling, however, he had abstained from every act prejudicial to the government, and contented himself with wishing success to the enthusiastic rebels, whose manly daring was the theme of many an outpouring of his spirit, in poetic strains, mirroring the state of his mind in so palpable a manner as left no doubt of his sentiments, and entirely set aside the shield of neutrality, beneath which he fancied himself hid.

Jeffrys had often noticed these effusions, but their being anonymous had shielded the youthful author for a long time from the doom to which he had been condemned. A watch was set to discover the rebellious writer, and a price put upon his apprehension, which soon led to his capture.

He was quite a youth, the only son of a widow, who delighted in her gentle boy, and proudly beheld the talents he possessed and the appreciation they obtained throughout the country. He was also her sole support, through a little property he possessed, and brought to his aged parent's hearth those joys of heart and soul which strewed her pathway to the grave with the roses of happiness and hope. But the shadow of evil hovered over their peaceful though humble dwelling, and the wailings of despair were soon to follow the placid tenor of their uneventful but hitherto contented lives.

The spies employed to find out this innocent

offender were but too successful in their endeavors. They traced him from the office of publication to the cottage of his mother, where innocently employed in working in his garden, his fell pursuers pounced upon their prey, and bore him to prison on the charge of high treason.

Mrs. Tutchin could not be persuaded that aught could be found against her son, and therefore consoled herself with the vain hope that he would soon be set at liberty. "For," reasoned the old lady, "he never joined with the rebels, though he loved the good Duke of Monmouth so well; and surely, for writing a few harmless verses, they could do nothing against him. No, no, that aint actionable, I know. With such reasoning the poor woman fed her hopes for her son's liberation, but, like the bubbles on the ocean, or records traced on sand, they were to pass away, leaving only a wreck, a desolation behind.

Tatchin hoped too, "For," thought he, "I am not rich like Prideaux; and my confinement cannot eventuate in a ransom, for I have no possessions to form an inducement for my incarceration. My being also the only support of my dear old mother will, even with such a monster as Jeffrys, plead for my liberation." Poor youth! he did not know that any additional victim increased the favor of James towards his faithful servant, and that to substantiate even imaginary offences, was considered a triumph of skill and dexterity, and lent new glories to his

heartless proceedings with every added name to the already lengthened list of executions and enormities.

When he was brought into court to take his trial, Jeffrys, as usual, commenced his browbeating.

Tutchin attempted to make his defence by stating his innocence of any thing offensive to the government or the king.

"Thou art an arrant knave," replied Jeffrys, "thy seditious and scurrilous verses are floating all over the country, and have incited many a villain to take up arms against their sovereign. Thy crime is great, and I'll take good care that thy versemaking shall have an end." He then sentenced him to seven years imprisonment, and during that period to be flogged through every market town in Dorsetshire every year.

When he concluded every woman in the galleries burst into tears, crying aloud in the anguish of their hearts, for the youthful poet was much beloved. The clerk of the arraigns was unable to forbear, he stood up, and addressing Jeffrys, reminded him that there were many market towns in Dorsetshire, and that such a sentence would subject him to being flogged once a fortnight during the period of his imprisonment, and with much feeling pleaded the youth of the unfortunate prisoner, the unoffending nature of his character, and in the expression of his sentiments, guiltless of any meaning to offend.

Jeffrys refused to mitigate or withdraw the sen-

tence, declaring him, if young in years, to be an old rogue; and turning to the ladies, told them they did not know him as he did, and that his punishment was a vast deal too mild for his offences. "That all the interest which England could commend should not alter it."

The wretched prisoner petitioned to be hanged, but he was unheard. He was remanded back to prison, where the agitation of his mind brought on him that most loathsome disease, the small-pox. He languished long in his miserable dungeon, hoping death would end his earthly sufferings by his kind interposition. But wishes in this way often defeat the object, the nervous system pleasantly acting on the physical, both are benefitted through a medium so strangely at variance with the law of nature, that action the most contrary to desires thus formed usually take place.

During this crisis of affairs, the lord chief justice was applied to, to remit or commute the sentence; and imagining, from the virulence of the disease, little probability of his recovery, consented to pardon him on condition that he gave up his small paternal inheritance, the only thing he possessed on earth, and where he had dwelt with his mother ever since he was born.

This proposition was made to Tutchin. He heard it with an agony of feeling I have no words to describe. If he consented to buy a pardon by this sa-

crifice, both his mother and himself would be reduced to indigence. On the other hand, his condition was too wretched to be thought of for a moment. His home, humble though it was, was dearer to his heart than the richest diadem, for his mother's sake. But there was no alternative, and his aged parent in welcoming her son to her arms, blessed Providence that they possessed any thing to satisfy the monster's maw, with all the poverty it promised.

Tutchin felt very differently. His whole soul was filled with a desire for revenge for the torture he had undergone and the misery that remained. Deprived of his little all, the labor of his hands to support himself and parent secured only a perspective of hopeless and unmitigated toil. In future years he was known to be one of the most bitter and determined enemies of the tory party and the House of Stuart; his character so changing under the circumstances to which he was reduced, as scarcely seemed possible to one whose early youth had been marked for so much that was truly estimable; although a somewhat hasty temper, to a close observer, might have indicated the result which followed any great adverse change in his life.

With all his application, his constant and untiring zeal in his work, Jeffrys exhibited no signs of weariness or fatigue. On the contrary, his countenance had become more florid, and his form more rotund since the commencement of the bloody as-



sizes. What he termed his successes every day, was celebrated by a revel every night; and his boon companions vied with each other round the festal board, in encomiums on the grandeur of that intellect which could mould all things to its sovereign will, and, as it were, carry all before it. Like all men of his class, Jeffrys loved flattery. The internal evidence of an approving conscience lent no ray of sunshine to his soul—shed no cheering and sustaining beams of its mild radiance over his adamant heart; and the darkness might have become so intolerable as at length to lead him to repentance, had not these parasites supplied with their false tongues the aliment of approbation which even the hardest nature, in some form or other, demands. Still the ferocity of his appearance had increased. The countenance, as it always will do, had followed the mind,

“And set its seal of fiendish malice there,  
“Till all beside, of great, or good, or fair,  
“Had sadly vanished.”

The work of death had at length ceased, the last victim been sacrificed, and the lock turned on the treasures he could no longer augment through pardons from the gallows in the west. But another way opened for small profits.

Transportations of prisoners had amounted to eight hundred and forty-one, to each of whom either the axe or the gibbet would have been an exercise

of mercy. They were distributed or formed into gangs, and presented as a mark of favor to those who held high rank at court, with this proviso, that they were conveyed to distant shores, sold as slaves, and to continue in bondage for the space of ten years.

The place selected by Jeffrys was the West Indies, with an ingenuity of cruelty for which he was so remarkable. As in a country like that their Protestant principles would of themselves form the ground of dislike; and where a native of the temperate zone would suffer most from the effects of a tropical climate and the lacerating influences of the burning and constant heat that existed and tried even the natives themselves often with its incessant drought.

Their sufferings on their voyage exceeded even that of the negroes abducted on the coast of Africa. The holds were stowed closer, and many [of them still bearing about them the wounds received in the battle of Sedgemoor, were unable to lie down, except by alternating with their miserable companions. Even a draft of fresh air was forbidden them, the hatchway being always guarded to prevent their coming on deck. Light was also forbidden; and in their wretched dungeon, where darkness and filth only reigned, the result was that numbers died, and those who survived were so reduced by disease that there seemed every prospect that, before they reach-

ed their destination, death would end the almost unheard-of cruelty practised towards them. Their provisions were both scanty and coarse ; a few hard biscuits per day, with a small allowance of brackish water, was all they had to live on for weeks, so that when they landed in Jamaica their number was considerably reduced by death, and the survivors looked more like living skeletons than human beings. They therefore seemed to promise little to their possessors and employers in the shape of profit ; yet, such was the value of slaves at that time, that they actually brought an excellent price.

This had been foreseen, and many of the tories had really been clamorous for grants ; some in the west contending they were entitled to them for their loyalty and devotion to the king, and felt they ought to share in these unhallowed gains with the favorites of Whitehall. But James' minions prevailed, and they had to yield.

Jeffrys reaped a small harvest here too. The law appointed, that all property held by a person convicted of treason, was forfeited. The unfortunate victims transported had, several of them, small estates, which they had hoped, by strict secrecy, to be able to retain against the term of their bondage had expired ; and, after their time of suffering captivity should have ceased, to be able to return and enjoy them, if they lived, with their families. This was suspected, and persons set on foot to discover every

thing relative to their actual possessions, soon obtained the desired information, and the sufferers' *all* were thus wrenched from them; and a return from captivity would find them stripped of every thing, and consigned to poverty the remainder of their days.

Jeffrys and his colleagues eagerly devoured the discovered treasures, and appropriated, without mercy or compunction, the hard-earned gains of those suffering sons of toil; and deprived the bereaved wives and innocent helpless babes of their only subsistence.

The history of those fearful times exhibits on its surface a depravity almost unimaginable in its extent, and certainly unsurpassed in its character in the same individuals. In Jeffrys, we have beheld a monster from first to last; but that he should find imitators in the softer sex, seems almost beyond belief. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the queen and her ladies made themselves pre-eminently conspicuous in rapacity and hard-heartedness in this horrible traffic. Hearing of Jeffrys' gains in this way, they all became suddenly determined to profit by his example. The queen seemed most delighted with the idea, and sent a request to the lord chief justice, that a hundred of those transported might be given to her.

A woman's intercession in their behalf would have been the most natural suggestion of a feminine heart, in order to their being restored to their fami-

lies; instead of which, we behold the consort of royalty calculating, first, on the profits of their sale as slaves, and then listening to the details of their sufferings and consequent loss on the voyage, with the business-like air of a shrewd bargainer—and then receiving the net proceeds of sale, which was a thousand guineas to her part, with an exultation that would do credit to the commonest huckster, or the veriest Yankee pedlar, over a shaving operation.

Her majesty's maids of honor now began to devise plans for their spoils; and their scheming and plotting ended in employing spies to find out those who were in any way conspicuous in aiding the rebellion. And having obtained the queen's permission, they sent an order that every one of the little girls, whom Jeffrys had spared, who followed in Monmouth's procession at Taunton, to present him with a banner and a Bible, should be imprisoned, knowing many of the parents' to be wealthy, and therefore anticipating rich ransoms for their children's liberation. A Sir Francis Warre, a tory member for Bridgewater, was selected for this office; but tory as he was, he rejected with scorn the inhuman and unwomanly orders he received, sanctioned, as they were, by the queen's authority of signature and seal. A father himself, he was shocked that avarice could stoop to anything so base as imprisoning innocent children, who had been led to this open demonstration of their feelings by



their preceptors, whose zeal his principles led him to deprecate, but saw only in these guileless young creatures a desire to emulate and obey their instructress in an act they never once thought of being of any further moment than the appearance imported, that of presenting a beautiful standard to the handsome duke, and the Bible, so beautifully bound, for him to read and defend.

They then had recourse to William Penn; and strange to say, he accepted the commission. Characters often present the most incomprehensible contradictions. Penn would not descend to violate his ideas of the equality of man by taking off his hat in the presence of royalty, yet he could, without even a show of reluctance, so far depart from the law of love, which is the insignia of his order, as to become an agent for one of the most shameful extortions upon record. Consistency is in itself a virtue, as by it we test the sincerity of sects and individuals. Our actions are supposed to be a transcript of the principles which we have imbibed of right or wrong, and engrave themselves upon the minds of others, as the standard for virtue or vice, by which we must be judged. Some have ascribed deep political motives to his compliance with the request of the queen's maids of honor, and that it had its foundation in the desire to benefit his suffering and oppressed people. Resolving on accepting so unwelcome a mission, to temper, as much as possible, measures so harsh, with

a lenity and mercy, no other perhaps similarly situated would do, and to abstain from participating in any part of the gain thus obtained.

Seven thousand pounds was the sum set down as the ransom for the young ladies, but a third only was realized by his fair employers, which they greedily appropriated to the purchase of jewels and gew-gaws for the adornment of their persons. But Penn's services did not end here. A wealthy merchant, residing in Bridgewater, was discovered to have contributed largely in the way of clothing for the rebels. This was a fine field for those female extortioners. Penn was ordered to use the utmost severity in exacting a proper sum for his disloyalty. Roger Hoare was a plain but excellent man, remarkable for his benevolence and liberality. As a Protestant, he disliked James' character and principles, and wished success most fervently to the cause of Monmouth, though he carefully guarded the expression of his feelings, and contented himself merely by assisting with a good supply of clothes for the rebel army, whose worn and shabby appearance appealed at once to his benevolence, and desires to assist privately in a cause so dear to his heart.

The merchant had imagined all knowledge of the circumstance was hidden, or had passed away from the remembrance of every one, till Penn's presence, one fine morning, as he stood in his ware-

house, reminded him of his offence to the existing sovereign. Mr. Hoare, when questioned, attempted no denial of the charge, but calmly averred the assistance he had been induced to render the unfortunate in their day of necessity, hoping to find a coincidence in a member of the Friends for this plain Christian act. But the Quaker gave no response to this amiable avowal; on the contrary, he demanded a penalty for the enormity of his offence. In vain he pleaded the liberty enjoyed in all ages of ministering to the distressed, and the Divine command of giving to him who needed. The orders Penn had received were absolute, and the good Samaritan was forced to yield a thousand pounds to save himself from the horrors of a prison, and a separation from the bosom of his family, for that was the only alternative of his refusal.

The queen, like her husband, was no favorite with the people. An austere Catholic, like James, she desired above all things to convert the whole English nation to Romanism. Her feelings, like his, seemed entirely to be concentrated to this one point, and the wishes so signally manifested in favor of Monmouth and the Protestant religion, while it proved their disloyalty, also displayed, in a forceable light, a determination of resistance to their wishes, which rankled deep in hearts whose ambition for power was the ruling passion of their lives; so that when the hour of revenge came, it fell with all the

rancour and malice the most inveterate natures could suggest. Both the king and his consort might be said to revel in the scenes of butchery described so exultingly by Jeffrys, and a lesson of future submission to their august rulers they trusted would be taught.

With their cruelty, too, was blended an avarice of the most detestable and debased nature. Their most darling aims could be set aside where interest led the way. James spared neither age or sex to the pleadings of affection, kindred, or power. But money could purchase what feeling could not buy. The poor peasants had been ruthlessly slaughtered and transported. Not a single ray of mercy had shone on their dreadful doom; while others, far more at fault than they—their guides and leaders—had escaped, because they bought for themselves a pardon, which could be granted on no other terms. Lord Grey was certainly more deserving of death than the illiterate but faithful rustics, who followed so zealously the commands of their leader; yet he escaped. But he was the fortunate possessor of an estate whose value rested on his life alone. Being strictly entailed, it fell at his death into the hands of the next heir; so that no gain whatever could accrue from his execution,—but much from granting conditional pardon.

The terms were forty thousand pounds, which Grey was but too glad to yield to his extortioners,



for many shared in the ransom, though the greater part was paid into the hands of the lord-treasurer, for the royal benefit.

Then there was a Sir John Cochrane, who led the Scotch rebels in the same manner as Lord Grey. He too was made a captive; and the universal opinion was, that he would share the same fate as Argyle and Monmouth. But his friends thought of the key that unlocked the king's heart. They were rich, and bribed the priests of the royal household in five thousand pounds. This obtained his pardon, and he was set at liberty.

Comment is unnecessary. Justice and humanity were terms of no import in the vocabulary of those times. Might, not right, ruled, and all things fell under the dominion of avarice and cruelty. To be poor and penniless was to be, indeed, unfortunate; for nothing could be obtained without some end in view.

A man by the name of Storey was one of those persons who delight in public speaking; and preceded Monmouth through the towns of Somersetshire, for the purpose of addressing the people on the subject and cause of the rebellion,—using the most exciting language, and presenting the most glowing pictures to their imaginations, relative to the result. These addresses had a most powerful effect, and tended to a constant increase of the rebel forces. He would have shared the common fate, but for the intervention of interest. When Jeffrys wanted information in the



case of Prideaux, no witness could be found so valuable as Storey ; and through his testimony alone the fifteen thousand pounds were obtained. By this means he received an unconditional pardon.

“ Mercy shone, through clouds of gold,  
“ For the young or for the old :  
“ If you could her favor buy,  
“ Terror in all forms would fly.”

Such was the spirit of the age.

## CHAPTER VIII.

There were three who, after the battle of Sedgemoor, escaped to the coast—Goodenough, Ferguson, and Wade. But a frigate, unfortunately, was cruising around the place where they had hoped to embark. They were not all together. Ferguson managed to escape, but the other two were taken and brought up to London, with every prospect to themselves and others of being executed, like Monmouth. Fortunately for them, they could give information that no one else could, relative to some poor wretches for whom the king entertained an inveterate hatred; and by which means he was enabled to glut his cruel nature by slaughter and plunder, no other persons being able to implicate them in any actual crime. Wade and Goodenough had been deeply engaged in the Rye-house Plot, and were most conspicuous in Monmouth's rebellion, but gained a pardon for all from James, for the opportunity thus given for his revenge.

Ferguson was undoubtedly one of the most active instruments in promoting the rebellion, from first to last. Possessing a great knowledge of human nature, he employed the subtle reasoning for which he was remarkable in achieving, he had hoped, the downfall of James. To this end, he inflated the desires of Monmouth, by flattering the weak sides of his character, and assailing him on his most vulnerable points.

Monmouth might almost be said to be a complete tool in his hands; and but too readily adopted the measures he suggested. The proclamation at Lyme, written by him, was one of the most atrocious nature, ascribing to the king crimes of the blackest and most fearful description, which, coming as it did, to all appearance, from Monmouth, laid the foundation of that merciless rigor which distinguished James' behavior towards the unfortunate and misguided duke. Yet with all these things against him, many supposed that Ferguson had received a pardon from the king without even paying for it. There is no real authority to support this supposition; and his escape from punishment is only ascribable to the cunning and foresight which at all times marked his character. The king had no motive for pardoning him, and James was not the man to extend mercy causelessly to an open and professed enemy, when lamentations and petitions for the lives of two innocent women, Lady Alice Lisle, and Mrs. Gaunt, were poured in vain into his cruel and callous ears.

Speculation was on the alert, but nothing positive could be known respecting Ferguson's whereabouts, the arch-traitor, as he was called ; who, while exciting his fellow-plotters, by his inventive genius for mischief, in the early stages of the rebellion, was known to send such reports of the various conspirators to Whitehall, as protected him from all the consequences of a rebel subject. He was therefore held in great abhorrence by many who had once been his friends, and his capture would have been hailed with delight. How he managed, therefore, was never known ; and surmise, though actively engaged, arrived at no positive conclusion : though it at length became a settled fact, that he was living comfortably on the continent.

Meanwhile, Jeffrys having finished his career in the west, had returned to London to receive the promised reward for his faithful services. He was received with every demonstration of joy by his sovereign, and at Windsor the great seal of England was presented to him, in token of James' heartfelt approbation of the cruelty and heartlessness he had practiced towards the suffering and wretched victims of the rebellion, the relation of whose tortures fell like manna in the wilderness on the heart of that merciless and sanguinary monarch. Their meeting was a source of much jollity and feasting, and the bloated face of the favorite judge assumed a yet deeper shade of exulting ferocity, if that were possi-

ble, as he quaffed the rich drafts of flattery and commendation from his sovereign's lips. In those days of brightness, sunshine and prosperity, these two banding panegyrists little expected that a season was fast approaching when the well turned compliment and the ready speech to each other's praise would be turned into the gall and bitterness of reproof and reproach; each one throwing on the other the odium of cruelty, and censure for his hardheartedness. James, deprived of his power, and languishing in exile at St. Germain's, would have gladly screened himself at the expense of his servant; and Jeffrys, a captive in the tower, protested that all the rigorous acts ascribed to him were done at the express commands of the king. These attempts at exculpation were received with the contempt they so justly merited; for proofs too glaring, in the crimination of both, were in existence, condemning them to the malediction of the good and virtuous in all ages, and branding their characters with a blackness which is without a parallel in the chronicles of any Christian country.

Somersetshire, and the neighboring county, was at length freed from the awful presence of Jeffrys, though the cypress still waved mournfully over the smiling land; for poverty, want, and its concomitant, disease, flooded every section of that beautiful country, and hearts made desolate were the only topics of the times. Death, in his most horrid aspect, had



visited their once happy borders, and peopled their minds and memories with the most terrible objects. Superstition caused even an addition to their real horrors, by supplying ghostly visitations of unquiet spirits, whose untimely fate had sent them unprepared into the realms of an unending eternity.

With Jeffrys' arrival in London commenced the troubles of the whig merchants of the city. In possession of the seal, his spirits required no spur, no further invigoration to resume the employment his heart and energies had so long been devoted to. The work of death and torture were the delights of his life, and he commenced ferretting out every shadow of a case that presented itself, in the hope of splendid spoils.

He was not so fortunate as he expected, for, although in Charles' reign men who stood highest in commercial riches and grandeur were numbered among the opposite party; yet during Monmouth's career they had carefully abstained from every expression hostile to James, while in their hearts desiring nothing so much as the duke's success. Hating Popery, they desired above all things a Protestant king, but they had done nothing towards its accomplishment, as they feared the result. The wealth of a merchant is always attainable, being, unlike that of noblemen and many country gentlemen, frequently entailed to prevent its being forfeited. In the case of Lord Grey, nothing could be gained by

depriving him of life or liberty, as his estates would pass at once into the hands of the succeeding heir, from having been thus secured. Merchants, thought Jeffrys, can be made profitable, whether hanged or spared. By sufficient proof, if executed, their possessions can be confiscated; and in the other event, they can purchase a pardon by a suitable bonus. And now to work.

The first object that presented itself was a gentleman by the name of Cornish. He had been elected alderman of the city, under the old charter, and "had filled the office of sheriff when the question of the Exclusion Bill had occupied the public mind." In his religious principles he was a Protestant, and much attached to the Presbyterian form of worship. He bore a high character for integrity, and always preserved a cautious reserve in the expression of his opinions. No one had therefore ever ascribed to him anything like treasonable sentiments, yet on this man Jeffrys had set his eye. When the Rye-house Plot was discovered, there was a strong wish to implicate Cornish, and Rumsey, one of the conspirators, would very readily have witnessed anything against him, but more than one witness was necessary, and at that time none other could be found.

Goodenough, during the period of his being sheriff, had been nominated to fill the office of deputy, but Cornish, who knew him to be a man

utterly destitute of principle, refused to employ him in that capacity. Two years had elapsed since then, and Goodenough came very near forfeiting his life. One of the conditions of his pardon was giving the necessary information for the full conviction of Cornish, which as well as to gratify a feeling of revenge for his rejection of him to fill an office he had much desired, he used his utmost to effect. By Cornish himself the remembrance had entirely passed away. Not so his malicious enemies. At Jeffrys' orders he was arrested, one day, while transacting his usual business at the Exchange, and carried off to jail. He was confined three days, and then without any preparation, and scarcely knowing the nature of the offence he was charged with, he was brought up to the Old Bailey to be tried by three of the judges who had accompanied Jeffrys during all the trials in the west. He was accused of treason, under the united testimony of Rumsey and Goodenough, who acknowledged themselves his accomplices. Much depended on his conviction; and hope and fear alternated in their bosoms all through the trial. If they failed to substantiate their charges their own lives would in all probability be the forfeit, as on this ground merely had their liberty and exemption from death been granted. There were great discrepancies in their accounts. In that of Rumsey in particular. The story he had formerly told when appearing a witness against Lord Rus-

sel, was very different to the one now given. This point was argued in favor of the prisoner, but his accusers triumphed, and those judges with ferocity in their looks and tones, emulating their leader in brutality and coarseness, addressed this excellent man in language too revolting for repetition, till hope entirely expired beneath their peltings, and a jury ended all conjecture on a subject so palpably unjust, yet so powerfully subjugated to the will of his enemies, by rendering a verdict of guilty.

Ten days after he was executed, and the people of London had to behold an outrage on justice and humanity which sickened their very souls. Their murmurings and distress at the fate of this good man filled the public prints, and mourning dwelt in every heart. He died with many pious expressions on his lips, though his feelings towards his enemies could not be suppressed; and he uttered many bitter things against those who had conspired so cruelly against him. This greatly enraged Rumsey and Goodenough, who spread a report that his senses had left him, or that he was drunk.

William Penn, whom we again find mingling with the crowd around the gallows, refuted this malignant assertion, by declaring "that there was nothing in his manner and deportment but the natural feelings of humanity, at a sentence so barbarous and unmerited, sanctioned by forms of law, while wholly unsupported by truth and justice."



Cornish was evidently the victim of secret malice, for only by false swearing could anything be found against him. But a deep enmity had to be gratified, and even in compassing his death, everything which could augment his agony was ingeniously devised. The gibbet was paraded through the most public streets, and erected in front of his own house, where he had dwelt for years in the esteem and respect of all who knew him; opposite to the Exchange, where his mercantile transactions had secured to him a credit of the highest standing; and very near Guild Hall, where his talents had greatly distinguished him with those parties who had elected him on most occasions as their leader. Here his head was cruelly and maliciously exposed after death. His widow and family were beyond the reach of sympathy, their despair being completely overwhelming. His life had been so blameless, so marked by every private and public virtue, that at home and abroad the name of Henry Cornish was always coupled with praise. And one like him to be arraigned and convicted of treason, established an idea so diabolical, that it seemed even to exceed the wickedness of the Spanish Inquisition.

But while these things were going forward without, within Whitehall all was exultation and delight. Power triumphed, and bigotry, cruelty, and hate gloated over her victims with feelings of unmingled satisfaction.



Goodenough's anxiety for his life was not yet over, he had yet more work to do. Trembling for his fate, he had watched with fearful and anxious interest the trial of Cornish, and when all was over, congratulated himself on being able to effect something to ground his claim of pardon upon, by a fulfilment of one of the conditions on which he was to receive it. Goodenough, however, was only one of many in this respect. Others like him were kept for the same purpose, so that they had but to pounce on a victim and devour him. The order of the day seemed the excitement produced by cruelty, and, like the Spanish bull-fights, to form the great amusement of the times. The king and his minions delighted to ferret out everything like the shadow of offensive principles in the past as well as present, so that no one thought themselves safe. James hated his subjects on a ground where his spirit was most goaded. He had desired, above all things, to establish Papacy, and subjugate the nation to his own peculiar views. Their resistance had excited his worst feelings, and the desire for revenge caused him to treasure up everything he had ever heard against persons who, at any time, had had the misfortune to express views in opposition to himself. Implacable, revengeful, cruel, and ambitious of power, the softer elements of humanity were entirely crushed and destroyed, and on his Protestant subjects, for their resistance to his will, he loved to

wreak all the fiendish malignity of his dark and baffled passions.

So far back as 1681, the commencement of our narrative, when the Earl of Shaftsbury was one of the conspirators in Monmouth's clique, during his imprisonment, requiring medical advice, he had sent for a surgeon by the name of Bateman, who was known to entertain exclusive principles, and supposed by many to have known and favored the Rye-house Plot. This, however, was merely conjecture. He was indicted at the time for the offence, but the proofs adduced were of too unsubstantial a nature to convict him, and he was cleared. But the remembrance of these charges rankled deep in the hearts of his enemies. And the wicked policy adopted of keeping unpardoned traitors for the purpose of placing their own lives at their own option, by giving testimony or withholding it, rendered every wish for vengeance comparatively easy.

Several of these men, with Goodenough, were now required to give evidence against this unoffending surgeon. At the time of his arrest, to render the act still more revolting, he was confined to a bed of sickness, from which he was mercilessly dragged by the officers, and thrown into a damp and unwholesome cell, notwithstanding the prayers, tears, and intreaties of his afflicted wife and family, who besought only to keep him till he should be even sufficiently recovered to walk.

They were deaf to all this pleading. He was removed on a charge of high treason, though in reality for the exercise of that humane disposition which was his great characteristic.

The real nature of his offence was dressing the wounds of Oates, in Newgate-prison, after his flogging. Though he was arrested on the charge of joining in the plot for the murder of the royal brothers; and being privy, through Shaftesbury, to the rebellion set on foot by Monmouth, previous to Charles' death, to prevent James' accession. Under cover of these charges, he was in reality hanged and quartered for his professional aid to Oates, leaving a beloved and amiable family plunged in the deepest grief.

His son and daughter read notes for him at the bar, as he was unable to stand, from weakness, to make any defence himself. These efforts served them of little purpose, as those poor wretches, waiting for pardons, but too readily swore away every evidence of a truthful nature, by the enormous and overbearing relation of the most atrocious falsehoods, which they sanctioned and confirmed by oaths.

## CHAPTER IX.

But a great revolution was at hand. James' days were numbering fast, and the handwriting on the wall was soon to blazen forth the irrevocable doom, "thy kingdom is rent from thee." Misery's reign was nearly at its close; but, ere the flame was entirely extinguished, its flickering extended where the insignia of its sacred order should have shielded its quiet and unoffending victims from the most merciless and cruel of monarch's malignity.

The solemnity of the times had induced a religious feeling throughout the land, of more than usual earnestness. Prayer meetings were constantly held, to which people flocked to receive the only consolation that remained to them. But even this was denied. Spies were stationed everywhere, conventicles watched, and congregations interrupted in their worship by magisterial warrants. All office-holders were in league with the king for the suppression of what was termed Puritanism. Jeffrys was an Episcopalian, and hated non-conformists as much as James disliked Protestantism. The dis-



senters, therefore, were held in hourly and daily fear; yet their ardor remained unabated. Their faith and zeal increased with every added difficulty, and their minds being constantly occupied by the one desire which pervaded their hearts, this opposition tended to strengthen rather than depress the delight with which their stolen meetings were obtained. Contrivance was constantly on the alert; and though often baffled, they continued to devise means for that exercise of conscientious freedom which is the unalienable right of every human being.

The evening hour found many a faithful band assembled beneath some friendly roof; and, with their hymn-books in their hands, singing with muffled voices the praises of Jehovah.

Dissenting ministers fared worse than all others at this time, being afraid to walk the streets; as whenever they were seen, insults from the lowest rabble were not only permitted but encouraged. Several, of great fame, had been taken and imprisoned, among whom was Richard Baxter. Thus gloom pervaded the land in all forms, and lent an aspect to the period of James' administration, a darkness which shadowed every feature of England's greatness and glory in one mass of melancholy ruin.

The horrors of the rebellion having ceased, and given place to this new persecution, Monmouth's name in London was fading fast away from the mention, if not the remembrances of the people. Not so



in the country. Throughout Somersetshire, there were hundreds who believed him still alive; and this idea was so dearly cherished, and so absolutely and entirely believed in, that it formed the theme of every happy interval around their firesides and boards. Often, during the year's decline, when the horrors of the bloody assizes had ceased to scourge the land; when evening closed on the labors of the day, and its quiet invited repose, would peasants and farmers congregate into groups, to talk over the defeature of the good duke; and expatiating on his bravery and kindheartedness, excite themselves into a belief that he could not be dead. "O, how he fought at Sedgemoor," was echoed from mouth to mouth. "No, it's my belief," they would simultaneously add, "that he is yet alive, and will one day, with stronger forces, cut his way to the throne, and God speed the day."

Such was the state of feeling existing in places where suffering, sorrow, and defeature had only followed the steps of Monmouth—and such the popular belief of his actual existence—that ballads were written and sung all through England, declaring it to be the case, accompanied by many prophetic descriptions of the success which was ultimately to crown his endeavors. The supposition at present was, that he was absent, and would return after the lapse of four years, fully equipped for his victorious cause. Several of these songs are still preserved in

the Pepsyan collection. Two verses, which we here quote, will serve to explain the prevailing sentiment of the people. They are as follows :

“ Though this is a dismal story  
Of the fall of my design,  
Yet I'll come again in glory,  
If I live till eighty-nine :  
For I'll have a stronger army,  
And of ammunition more.

“ Then shall Monmouth, in his glories,  
To his English friends appear,  
And will stifle all such stories  
As are blended every where.  
They'll see it was not so degraded  
To be taken gathering pease,  
Or in a cock of hay fast braided ;—  
What strange stories now are these !”

Strange as it may seem, though so many had actually witnessed his death, this idea gained a most extensive credence ; and people looked forward with certainty to the fulfilment of the prediction contained in the ballad. Old and young delighted to talk about it, and filled their minds with visions of his future elevation above the heads of those enemies who had vainly sought to compass his ruin. Monmouth, though dead, might truly be said to be their living idol ; for their hearts were full of admiration and love for one, who, whatever faults he might possess as a man, his glory as a hero, to these devoted beings, remained untarnished and irrevocable.

As years rolled along, and the time specified drew near, the hearts of the peasantry began to anticipate his presence among them, and a knavish fellow, calling himself the Duke of Monmouth, obtained money in several villages, even near London, on the ground of raising troops and commencing his victorious war. He was soon, however, apprehended, and sentenced to be flogged from Newgate to Tyburn, a punishment which he actually underwent. In 1698 the fraud was again repeated, although the people of England were in the enjoyment of that constitutional freedom for which they had long sighed. The Prince of Orange was firmly seated on the British throne, and the tyrant James an exile from the land over which he had ruled so arbitrarily. Yet, such a spell did the name of Monmouth possess, that the son of an innkeeper in Sussex, bearing a strong resemblance to the unfortunate duke, resolved to personate him, and represent himself to the people throughout Somersetshire as having come again to war against the ruling powers, and reign as their sovereign.

This acted like an electric shock, and spread like wildfire throughout the land; and every demonstration of affection was eagerly showered on the man whom they believed to be their beloved Monmouth. Five hundred pounds were readily collected for him, a handsome horse presented, while

the farmers' wives and daughters outvied each other in presents and favors to their favorite.

For a long time he luxuriated on the bounties of these simple and loving people; but his doings getting wind, he was committed to prison as an impostor; yet, so strong was their belief in his identity, that they even then continued to supply him with every luxury their farms yielded, and to persevere in their conviction that he was truly the veritable Monmouth who fought in the battle of Sedgemoor.

When his trial came on at the Horsham assizes, they came in a body to establish his claims, and contradict, from *their* personal knowledge of the duke, the base idea of his being an impostor. He was liberated, but the lesson he had learned during his incarceration effectually put a stop to all further attempts of enriching himself on such dangerous grounds. Much to the people's discomfiture, he retired from the field, and sunk into his former obscurity, congratulating himself on escaping so well.

But the delusion still continued to exist, and the warm-hearted yeomanry and peasantry hoped yet to see the day when he would with greater confidence and boldness assert his cause, and under more prosperous circumstances fearlessly prosecute his claims to the crown of England, and his idolizing subjects see their Monmouth on the throne.

Few earthly monarchs have ever possessed the affections of their people to the extent that Mon-



mouth did. With nations generally they are easily led according to the phases of prosperity, or the general bearing of their sovereign's character. A single act has been known to produce marvellous results in this respect. But unshaken constancy was the undoubted characteristic of one portion of Monmouth's followers. On his second attempt at rebellion, the gentry, actuated by a prudential policy, had seceded from their former promised allegiance. Not so the farmers and the tillers of the soil, they evidenced on his second coming the same devotion as at the first; and unshaken in their fidelity when defeated, and plunging the country in wretchedness in consequence, suing with unmanly tears and false protestations by his letters from Ringwood for mercy, and by abject humiliation at the feet of his uncle for pardon, in London, he was still in their mind's eye their idolized Duke of Monmouth, still living, though believed dead, and reigning in their hearts king of their fealty and deepest affection.

A fearful instance of the strength of their attachment was given in the hatred it occasioned to the woman and her family which followed her information of Monmouth's hiding-place, when fleeing from his pursuers. From that hour they were a marked and doomed race. No one employed, no one associated with her or her family; and dependant as they were upon the labor of their hands, for their support, their subsistence became at last so pre-



carious, that they were obliged to beg their bread. The cottage they once owned fell into decay; and insulted wherever they were, hated and despised, their lives ever after became a burden and a curse, which generation after generation inherited, in which both father and son were made but too deeply to participate. So late as the reign of George the Third the belief that Monmouth had escaped the hands of the executioner was most pertinaciously persevered in. A formal refutation of the idea, published in the Gazette of France, by Voltaire, is said to have silenced it; though it is far more likely, in our estimation, that time alone consigned him to the dust, when his threescore years and ten had laid waste the energies that once glowed so brightly in their eyes, and stilled a heart which they believed beat only for the good of others.

The Duchess of Monmouth long mourned her husband, but her grief eventually subsided, and happiness beamed once more from her sparkling eyes. The cause of years of anxiety and sorrow had been removed, and although deprived of the husband of her youth, she had not now to feel that it was love to another which caused her desolation. He was dead, and her children were fatherless, but hopes of his heavenly joy softened the anguish of their separation. A few months after saw her cheerful and partaking life's innocent pleasures, with all the enjoyment natural to her age, and apparently

rejoicing in that great political change which delivered England from the rule of the tyrant James, and avenged the wrongs of thousands whose hearts he had caused to bleed with hopeless anguish.

But leaving the courts of royalty for awhile behind, we will glance for a short time towards the seat of Sir Thomas Wentworth Tuddington, Bedfordshire. Monmouth's imprisonment had caused the immediate return of Lady Wentworth to England, and her fond parents, with forgiveness in their hearts, had welcomed her to their arms and to their house, as the father had done to the prodigal son, in Holy Writ, and killed the fatted calf in token of the joy they experienced of seeing her once more safe beneath their roof. The past was forgotten, and the future they trusted would yet atone for all the anguish her erring life had cost them. Beautiful in her anguish and apparent repentance, throwing herself at her parents' feet, she promised everything. After Monmouth's execution his servant brought the tooth-pick which his master bequeathed, in his last moments, to her who evidently shared his last affections. She received it from his hands, pressed it wildly to her bosom, and from that hour declined rapidly away.

In vain were the lessons of duty poured into her ear, of yielding to feelings evidently so sinful and displeasing in the sight of God; nothing could rouse her from the melancholy into which she sank; often

weeping and exclaiming in the anguish of an upbraiding conscience, that it was all her doing; that but for her entreaties he never would have joined in the rebellion a second time; or bartered peace in endeavors to gain a throne but for the ambitious wishes she had expressed of seeing him king, and sharing his royal honors with him. Her constant self-reproaches and her grief at length did their work. Consumption laid her chilly grasp on that once blooming and lovely form, and ere the spring-blossoms had burst forth, and the early foliage decked the groves with their promised beauty, one who might have been an ornament to her sex was borne to her tomb, followed by her still idolizing but heart-broken parents, who were now childless, and whose desolate halls could no more echo back the sounds of that voice whose music had constituted the sole joy of their lives. She was buried in the transept of the village church of Toddington, the ancient burial-place of the Wentworths. Her parents erected a costly monument over her remains, which stood for years a melancholy memento of the past. But in the stately park of Sir Thomas, a tree bearing her name carved on its bark by the hand of him she loved "not wisely, but too well," while on a visit—wandering through its ample grounds—formed a memorial, over which many a sad heart wept and mourned the fate of two so gifted, so beloved, so misguided and so unfortunate. The characters were dis-

cernable till within a few years past, and the noble trees till waves in loveliness and strength over the place on which stood these once young, happy, and hopeful beings.

We might write volumes on the retribution which certainly follows crime. But to the good and virtuous it is unnecessary, and to those in whose minds the angel voice of principle is hushed and still, it would be a vain and superfluous task. The lessons we daily and hourly receive are fraught with meaning, and convince us that God's ways are just.

As Lady Wentworth's dust mingled with her ancestors, that of Monmouth mouldered beside many illustrious personages, and many who, like himself, were borne to their last resting-place for real or imputed crimes. Such as leaders of parties, whom their talents had raised to the highest senatorial distinctions, and made them the favorites of courts and the chosen friends of kings. For these very gifts enmity had plotted and effected their ruin; and the axe of the executioner cut short the glittering path of fame.

St. Peter's Chapel is a spot which every reflecting mind regards with fearful and almost awful interest. Beneath its costly monuments lie so many whose fate recalls the melancholy history of the past, so much of sorrow and suffering, so much of the abuse of power, and the dark deeds of insatiable



ambition, that the heart sickens 'neath a calendar where every feeling sacred to humanity has been outraged, social and religious ties rudely sundered, and all the sweetest charities of our nature trampled in the dust.

The Tower of London will always carry with it associations of horror, for instinctively with its name arises thoughts of the cruelties which have been perpetrated there. Here the two young princes were murdered, here noblemen have been dragged, without one real offence to either their country or their fellow-man. Here the meek and pious Lady Jane Grey was importuned by the prelates of Popery, and witnessed from her window the bleeding body of her husband, as the rough hands of the jailers consigned him to the Tower Chapel. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Protector of the Realm, reposes in his last sleep beside the brother whom he so relentlessly murdered. Here also lie two queens, who were the victims of the jealous Henry, and the gentle victim of others' ambition, Lady Jane Grey, sleeps beside them. Essex, the favorite of royalty, distinguished for talents, learning, beauty, and accomplishments, was consigned to an ignominious tomb, guiltless of any real crime, a sad sacrifice to woman's petulance and exacting humor. And beside those already enumerated, the grave of many a nobleman and statesman lie thick around, reading their silent but eloquent lessons to the hearts of be-



holders, on the fragile tenure of all earthly distinction, and the uncertainty of the favors and gifts of kings, whose promises pass like the hour, and whose favoritism, like the roses reign in summer, oft fade with every breath of change, leaving in its stead the thorns of malice, hatred and implacable revenge for real or fancied wrongs. Beside these Monmouth lies, adding his melancholy fate to those who had gone before him; another dark page to the history of the past, and another fearful comment on the times in which he lived, when power was subverted to the vilest of purposes, the spread of misery, discontent, and crime.

The place where Monmouth was found, when taken in the enclosure in Somersetshire, has been visited by thousands; and to this day it is shown to people visiting that part of the country, with a feeling of interest that no time or circumstance have been able to lessen. His amiable bearing, and devotion to what was believed the sole good of the people, constituted a sacrifice becoming the hero they so long sincerely and deeply mourned. The estate where this enclosure stands, belongs to the present Earl of Shaftesbury, a relative of one of Monmouth's early confederates, whose servant, in pointing out its locality, never fails to pour forth his eulogium on the unfortunate duke, and to cite the love and admiration with which his name is coupled by the country people around; and to relate the almost romantic

and idolatrous fondness with which his memory was cherished throughout.

After the battle of Sedgemoor, the relics of some portions of his apparel were found by the farmers of that time; and, though merely consisting of a ribbon, a shoe-buckle, or a button, they were treasured by their owners with a fondness scarcely credible while living, and when they died, their last request was frequently to have them placed beside them in their coffins. One was preserved from this fate, and is still kept as a most precious possession by a woman residing in a house which overlooked the battle-field of Sedgemoor. It consisted of a gold thread button, which descended to the present owner by her father, who fought with the good duke to the very last, as he is emphatically called in those districts, where every cottage has its tale to tell of that memorable time; and where the eye becomes dilated with delight, and the tongue most eloquent, as it describes his heartfelt devotion to his country's good, which they believed, and still continue to believe, was the sole motive of all his actions. Rarely has it ever fallen to the lot of mortal to be so

“Beloved in life,  
“So lamented in death”

as the Duke of Monmouth; and, though the discriminating historian places his virtues and vices in their true light, all who have read his history will

deplore the too amiable docility of his character, which, while it secured to him the affection of a people unprecedented and unequalled in any of the annals of a former or after generation, also hurried him into a measure which sealed not only his own destruction, but that of others, whose only fault was a blind devotion to the hero of their brightest dreams and highest aspirations.

## CHAPTER X.

Having narrated the eventful history of the English Rebellion, we will turn to the Scottish Insurrection of the same period, under the command of the Earl of Argyle, as James' principles and religion produced the same dissatisfaction in both nations. The Scots had been rendered desperate under the extortions of Charles; and now they were still more to be oppressed by the brother, who would not only carry out the measures of the late monarch, but add to them the whims and caprices of an unfeeling and bigotted tyrant. But the Scots had too much pride to identify themselves in their grievances with an English leader; and, selecting MacCullum More, Earl of Argyle, proceeded to organize their forces for the invasion of Scotland.

Many Scotch fugitives had taken refuge on the Continent during the reign of Charles the Second, having been driven thither by the intemperate zeal of religious and political reformers; whose excesses had been excited by the oppressive nature of the government and the restraint to which it subjected them.

When Charles died, and James ascended the throne, they met; and, in conjunction with Monmouth, determined to commence hostilities in Scotland. Amsterdam was the place of general assemblage for both Scotch and English; and here their plans were formed for ultimate action. At first, a general feeling prevailed, that, as hatred of James formed the leading feature of discontent among them all, they would unite in one common cause to deprive him of the throne. But Argyle's pride took offence at once, when Monmouth's high claims were set forth; and he determined to individualize his own cause and pretensions, as the leader of his countrymen and the avenger and deliverer of his country.

Archibald, Earl of Argyle, was the son of the Marquis of Argyle, one of the leaders of the Scotch Covenanters in the reign of Charles the First, to whose ruin he is said to have greatly contributed. By the royalists, therefore, he was hated, and though he acknowledged Charles the Second as king, and consented to his inhabiting Holyrood house as his prison, the remembrance of the past still lingered on the minds of the royal family; and, when Charles was quietly seated on the throne of England, both prudence and revenge caused him to be put to death; by which means the title of marquis was cut off, and his son only permitted to inherit the earldom of his ancestors. Still he was one of the first of Scottish noblemen, and held a high rank among his country-



men ; though by many he was thought to have taken his father's death in too quiescent a spirit, as during the first twenty years of Charles the Second's reign, not a single murmur at the administration had been suffered to escape him, whatever his feelings might have been. But he had looked on, and seen the afflictions and oppressions of his beloved country, and would gladly have rushed to the rescue, but his father's fate withheld him from offering anything but conciliatory advice. This precautionary spirit greatly displeased the Presbyterians, as it had been carried even into the church ; and, when their religious privileges were abridged, and their most sacred feelings violated, Argyle was still the dull looker-on, the still indifferent spectator to all the oppressions that were heaped upon them. Their astonishment was still more excited, when the Covenanters, for whom his father so bravely fought, being at length persecuted into an open rebellion, he summoned all the forces he could command, of his own people, to assist the government in subduing it.

This conduct of Argyle led the king and his brother James, the Duke of York, to imagine he could easily be led to espouse any measure they might choose to propose. To this end the duke was sent to Edinburgh, bearing the king's authority, in order to the entire subjugation of the Scotch Presbyterians to Episcopacy ; as, notwithstanding Charles' careless and forgiving temper, the remembrance of the insults

he had once received at their hands, now that a way was opened, he determined, with their chief assistance, to pursue, to gratify the revengeful feelings he still entertained towards his old enemies. But he had reckoned too surely on Argyle. Cautious as he had hitherto been, and in the last instance publicly avowing his devotion to the government; when this wholesale measure was proposed, he rejected it with a bravery and sincerity becoming a man, and utterly refused to aid the Duke of York in a measure so unjust and so causelessly oppressive. This resistance nearly cost him his life. His opposition to the wishes of his sovereign was at once followed by an indictment, and a resolution formed, that if he continued to do so, he should be sentenced to death. Argyle was firm. A trial was, therefore, instituted, and on grounds which had no antecedent for frivolity, he was condemned for treason, and sentenced to be executed.

This shameful conduct towards the unoffending earl excited the highest disgust, and several noblemen declared against it in no measured terms. But the sentence received no revoke; and without either suing for mercy, or offering any of his broad lands in payment of pardon, which some time after was shown would have been but too gladly received, Argyle managed to escape to England, disguised as a peasant, from which he embarked for Friesland, where his father had purchased a small estate for the

purpose of a place of refuge for his family, in case of emergency, from those civil dissensions which had marked his own time.

The purchase of an estate in that secluded province, was owing to a circumstance connected with the superstitious feeling which is so deeply inwoven with the Scottish character. Every highland chief in those days had his seer attached to his ancestral domain; one who, gifted with second sight, could behold in visions the future joys and sorrows of his ancient house. To the Marquis of Argyle there was a prophecy given, that his son would, after he was dead, be obliged to fly from Scotland, and the home of his fathers, from those who sought his life.

Whether his political sagacity saw into the state of the future, and thus provided himself against it, or whether he was influenced by the vision of the seer in this purchase, is not distinctly known. But this is certain, that the Marquis' son found in Friesland the hiding-place he needed, and escaped the death to which his enemies had devoted him. Here he lived quietly for some time, corresponding with his friends in Great Britain, and entering into a conspiracy with the chiefs of the whig party for invading his country; looked with confidence towards an event which he trusted would atone for the injustice he had received at the hands of Charles.

The discovery of the Rye-house Plot ended all the plans he and others had formed for a while, but when

the king died another invasion was planned, and hopes for Scotland and revenge filled Argyle's heart.

Archibald Argyle's character was one which few understood. To observers generally he appeared calm and dispassionate, with little of that enthusiasm which marks bold and energetic minds. Every thought and action seemed the result of forethought and reflection, and every ready and fearless impulse to be schooled into the complete subjection of a cool and mature judgment. Argyle's actions on all occasions strengthened this popular belief, and up to the time of his joining the government in arms against the Puritans, the respect and veneration with which he was regarded was greater than that of any other nobleman in Scotland. His retainers were numerous, and his domain, surrounding his highland castle, stretched far and wide over the wild and rugged grandeur of towering mountains and headlong torrents, rock and glen, forest and waterfall. While fields made rich by the careful husbandman's thrifty toils, secured to his barns and granaries all the abundance of a lord of the soil, and imparted a patriarchal influence to his position which extended far beyond the immediate precincts of his own demesne. By the laws of the crown he was now deprived of his possessions by the attainder; yet, such was his popularity, such the deep interest with which all ranks regarded him, that at any time, by his presence alone, he could command a powerful army,



and raise a civil war among a people whose fierce impulsive natures had been subdued into admiration for those very opposite features he possessed to such perfection in their eyes. Added to these were a handsome and prepossessing exterior, a noble, manly form, and a countenance, bearing on its fine lineaments a high cast of thought, yet often blent with a sad and pensive meaning which never vented itself in words, yet, to the hearts of those who beheld him, carried the conviction of a soul alive to the tenderest emotions of our natures, springing, as they knew it did, from the grief which the memory of his father's death had enshrined there.

To this circumstance they felt was owing all the prudence and caution which had marked his life, and they honored him for the motive while they condemned the act. He was now in exile from his country and his people, but one shout echoing from the mountain passes, and reverberating through the dells, that he approached their borders, would be answered by thousands of enthusiastic hearts, ready, if needs be, to die in his cause, and follow whithersoever he led.

While in exile Argyle had devoted himself to a careful retrospection of his past life. His father's life was a forfeit to his attachment to the Puritans. Their religion was Presbyterian, but he had summoned his forces in aid of Episcopacy. He constantly reproached himself for doing this, and yield-



ing to fear what his judgment had so entirely condemned. He strictly examined himself, and in the sincerity of his conscience resolved, should an opportunity offer, to vindicate the true nature of his feelings by an active zeal and a constant persevering aim in removing the burden from his countrymen, and the stigma which this one unsanctified act had attached to his character. In solitude our moods are always in extremes. With nothing to keep up a uniform exercise of the various faculties of the mind; one idea, incessantly dwelt on, produces a sort of monomania, and often assumes dictatorship of all its other attributes, coloring future events with those deep day-dreams of soul and spirit, on which are concentrated all the hope and energy which despair calls to her wretched rescue. Argyle turned from fighting against the Puritans to supporting them, to the exclusion of all other sects. A determination at once bigoted, intolerant, and absurd.

His fellow-exiles, now that Charles was dead, turned at once towards the man, of all others, they chose for a leader, with a few exceptions; and even these few acknowledged and wished to avail themselves of the power they knew him to possess, without owning him as their head. These malcontents formed themselves into a distinct band, under the auspices of Patrick Hume, of Polwarth, in Berwickshire, a lowland gentleman who had participated in the whig plot, and narrowly escaped with his life.

Brooding over his fate, like Argyle, had led him also to the adoption of measures, if an opportunity offered, where he would avenge himself upon his enemies, but not like him, from those pure and conscientious motives which had religion for its basis and end. Ambition and revenge spurred Hume on in his wild determination of resisting the claims of Argyle. Meetings were therefore constantly held, when he rallied around him men who listened to his schemes, and his long and almost endless speeches, full of obscurity to them, and without one clear idea; but judging him by the past, for he had been sincere, they yielded a quiescent belief that all was right. There was another who sided with him, of precisely similar views, Sir John Cochrane; but Argyle's well known integrity of character, and justness of principle, prevailed over the false gloss with which Hume and his confederate tried to invest their claims in the eyes of the Scottish people.

Hume and Cochrane's example was followed by yet another burning for the lustre of distinction, as the deliverance of his country from the pangs of oppression and tyranny. This was Andrew Fletcher of Saltown. A man who ranked high for his intellectual attainments, his generous and intrepid spirit, his love of liberty, his wide and diffusive philanthropy, his extended views for the amelioration of the miseries of his species, and the promotion of universal happiness. His oratory, when addressing the

people, embodying such sentiments, therefore rendered him an object of general admiration and interest. He advocated true republican principles, without possessing a shadow of the spirit of democracy. Disgusted, like Milton, Sidney, and many others of his contemporaries, with the characters of those whom power and accident of birth had made rulers, he advocated that plans of high trust should be awarded to men only whose talents, learning, and virtue fitted them for such important offices. He was opposed to monarchy in all its forms, and yet in his writings he proved himself one of the veriest of despots, actually publishing a work in which he proposed a plan for reducing the majority of the Scottish peasantry to slavery and degradation, his free-born countrymen to a state of bondage which subjected them to the scourge of the overseer and the hammer of the auctioneer.

His ideas of government, while they deprecated sovereign power in its generally received sense, upheld an arbitrary state of things, far more oppressive and inimical to the public good than any monarchy could or had ever yet been. Superiority of mind and intellect were the only attributes that should claim or dispense power, in his estimation; and, like the Romans, who presided in the senate, he argued that the multitude, in their ignorance, were unable to be ruled by any other means than the lash and the stocks, and preserved in a state of tranquillity only

by fear of their superiors. His theory at present was free from these unpopular and odious views, and only aimed at striking for freedom from oppression and the rule of kings. Such sentiments, as was natural, gained him much favor with a people so deeply galled by the fetters of monarchy; but, tempting as was the bait thus offered to their hungry maws, they paused ere they swallowed it, and, while doing so, saw the shadow of the glittering hook through what appeared the tempting morsel, but which, in reality, contained the weapon of death. They reflected still more, yet, without deciding; but the balance of power being on Argyle's side, it was at length agreed upon, that he should be nominated their leader, under certain subjections and conditions, which, in their short-sightedness, caused the destruction of all the wishes they indulged, and all the plans they had formed.

Where so many contended for the post of honor, and thought their claims on an equal, it was difficult to yield all to one, whom, they considered, boasted no superiority in point of either generalship or intellect. His influence was the ground of his preferment; in this no other man could in any way approach him. He could at any day command more than five thousand men accustomed to arms, who, in the use of the target and sword, could defy superiority; and whose brave, athletic forms and fearless spirits would bound at their leader's call, and rush to



the struggle for victory with all the energetic glow of their chivalrous and devoted hearts.

The hazardous cause which they all concurred in being necessary, thoughts such as these, we would have supposed, would at once have secured to Argyle the uncontrolled power which a leader should always possess. Not one of Monmouth's followers hesitated to invest him with this attribute of his position; but the Scots, hating and envying Argyle's elevation above themselves, resolved to check, by every means in their power, this delegation of trust, which they determined should extend no farther than actual benefit to themselves should warrant, and where nothing to himself, under any circumstances, should be obtained. As their tool, in the form of their leader, he was to bring all that his own individual merit had gained for him, to benefit the sordid interests of men whose claims his trusty followers would have despised, as much as they loved and admired the single-heartedness, unsullied integrity of principle, and shining virtues of MacCullum More—the idol of his clan, and the hero of thousands of devoted Highland hearts beyond it.

To this arrangement Argyle was forced to submit; and a committee was formed to check any measure which they might not approve,—also, to superintend all the movements of the army, its expenditures, points of location, and scenes of action. Unrestrained and individual power, therefore, was



out of the question; and a leader, in such circumstances, might not unaptly be compared to an eagle bounding forward in his bold and upward flight towards the sun, his eye undimmed by its brightness, and undazzled by its lustrous beams, joyously and eagerly performing its journey, till in its soarings higher and higher, with its glorious object in view, quickening his energies and exciting his glowing ardor, he suddenly feels his fetters; feels his course is limited, and his way bounded, and with hopes so rudely checked, and prospects of attaining his object so entirely cut off, he sinks lower and lower, till with paralysed energies his efforts fail, and all ambition fails.

A leader should have his bright object in view; the sun, illumining his mental and moral vision to which he aims to reach; to which his steps unfettered climb and soar, while the mountain steep and the headlong torrent form no barrier to the strong and bounding spirit within, no impediment to the glorious object seen in all its glowing brightness beyond. So Napoleon felt.

Every preliminary being at length settled, Argyll's position being, as they deemed, satisfactorily agreed upon, and the check-strings bound sufficiently strong, it was resolved that a descent should be made upon Scotland without delay.

Preparations were at once, therefore, made for the departure of the exiles, and three vessels equipped

with arms, ammunition, and provisions, were soon in readiness. The British minister took no notice of these doings further than to send to the magistrates of Amsterdam to ask what those ships were doing in the Zuyder Zee? The answer was a conclusive evidence that either they were swayed by indifference, or partiality to Argyle. They merely replied that the Zuyder Zee was out of their jurisdiction, and that interrogatories would be better applied to a higher power, naming the government. This carelessness, from whatever cause it proceeded, favored Argyle's departure; and one thing was clearly expressed by it, that no wish existed to frustrate any designs he might have formed. The three vessels containing the Scotch exiles sailed quietly out of port, although Argyle suffered tortures, as he beheld near his fleet a Dutch man-of-war, whose broadside could at a moment, if fired, have destroyed them all. A boat with spies on board, he thought, rowed round and round them; but notwithstanding these appearances, no efforts were made to arrest their progress, and on the 2d of May, 1685, their little fleet was scudding before a favorable breeze on the open sea, much to Argyle's relief, on the way to Scotland.

## CHAPTER XI.

Two Englishmen were appointed to accompany Argyle as his immediate advisers and counsellors. Rumbold and Ayloffe, who were, like himself, proscribed whigs. John Ayloffe was a lawyer, distantly connected with James. He had made himself conspicuous by a singular freak, and had in consequence been an object of dislike to the government. When the Count of Versailles had gained an unlooked for and unexpected triumph, Ayloffe, to signify his ideas on the subject, had a wooden shoe made and placed in the speaker's chair of the House of Commons, indicating by that significant symbol the eventual power and tyranny of the French over the English. This simple but expressive act greatly displeased the government, and rendered Ayloffe by that means an active and determined enemy ever after. Richard Rumbold was one of the most conspicuous in forwarding the Rye-house Plot for the murder of the royal brothers. In this plot Ayloffe had engaged heart and hand, and at its discovery, glad to escape with life, he, with the others, fled to the Continent, and lived in seclu-

sion up to Charles' death, when the plan of a rebellion was gladly and eagerly seized upon by him to attain, if possible not only liberty and safety in his native land, but revenge on those for whom he had suffered so much already; while his country demanded the exertion of every honest man in her behalf, to aid in the fall of James and popery.

Andrew Fletcher was to accompany Monmouth, but though he would have been glad of a nomination as leader in the invasion of Scotland, he received his appointment to go with the duke in a very unsatisfactory and sullen mood. With all the natural enthusiasm of his character, he listened to the plans formed with a gloomy and distrustful spirit. Disappointed ambition at not being appointed to fill Argyle's place, was the cause of this change of feeling. Others saw it very plainly, though he himself imagined it completely hid within his own breast, and there he only half acknowledged its existence.

Monmouth and Argyle sailed towards their destinations with lively hopes of success. The latter, whenever his spirits flagged and failed, was borne up by Ayloff's and Rumbold's encouraging arguments till the mountains of his father-land pierced the horizon, and silently welcomed to their shores one whose project hovered in the future between two extremes of incalculable moment—victory or death.

The place selected by Argyle for disembarking was Kirkwall, where he allowed two of his followers

to go on shore immediately to see what were the feelings of the inhabitants towards his project.

Rumors of an invasion had been floating about for several weeks, but the people had rejected any belief in the report. Argyle's sudden appearance there, therefore, with his little fleet, and those men declaring the intentions of their leader, created quite a sensation among them. The bishop of the diocese resided at Kirkwall, and on hearing the seditious intentions of Argyle, determined to take active measures in behalf of the king to prevent it, and had the two men arrested and thrown into prison.

This summary proceeding greatly damped the ardor of the refugees, and holding a council among themselves, on board one of their ships off the coast, they came to the resolution of acting with a high and fearless hand in the matter, to show the good bishop that they were not to be frightened by the authority he had assumed, and the loyalty he had thought proper to express against their enterprise. As is generally the case, however, among a number of persons, there was a great division of opinion among them; and the debate was carried on with that spirit and energy which is a characteristic of the Scotch. They may be tame and irresolute in action, languid, indifferent, and undecided in their movements; but in argument and controversy all the enthusiasm of their characters shine forth. Spirit, soul, and energy are



here displayed, their whole soul is in their words, and the poetic temperament which their mountain homes so emphatically engenders, on occasions like this, burst forth with an eloquence at all times impressive, if not convincing.

Some were in favor of commencing an attack on Kirkwall, others were for proceeding to Argyleshire, leaving the prisoners in durance. Argyle decided the point by proposing to arrest some of the best inhabitants, and holding them in custody till his two followers were given up. There was a general and unanimous agreement to this proposal, and the next day a band proceeding to the shore, took four influential persons, residing near the coast, which they confined on board their ships until the two men should be given up. This movement produced the desired effect. Argyle's men were made free, the gentlemen whom he had imprisoned were set at liberty, and in three days from their entering Kirkwall, Argyle and his fleet were on their way to another port, within his own province.

This delay, small as it was, was very unfavorable for them. The news of a rebel force having anchored at the Orkneys, reached Edinburgh very soon, through the Bishop of Kirkwall; and the royal troops were called out to make preparations for a defence.

The English government had also been made acquainted with the steps which had been taken,

though not the particulars. James had not once thought that Monmouth would join in an invasion of England, but that Argyle should rise in arms against him in Scotland gave him no surprise. And knowing his popularity among his clansmen, he looked upon him as a most formidable enemy. Immediate action was necessary; a proclamation was therefore made, to the effect that Scotland should be put in readiness for defending itself against the incursions of these outlaws. All the Highland and Lowland clans who were hostile to the dreaded name of MacCullum More, received orders to display their loyal duty to their king by assuming arms against the rebel chief. The Marquis of Athol was commanded to muster his forces to defend Argyleshire, and station himself with his army at the castle of Inverary. Several who were known to be attached to Argyle, without having acted in any way offensive to the government, were taken up and cast into prison. Ships of war were also seen cruising about the coast, near the Isle of Bute, and appearances everywhere seemed to threaten a coming storm.

Meanwhile Argyle had reached Argyleshire, and great was his consternation to find a spirit of resistance organized, under the command of the Marquis of Athol, awaited him. He had counted much on the attachment manifested towards him while a dweller amongst his people, but these warlike prepa-

rations against him boded no good he thought. He was unprepared for, and disconcerted at finding these evidences of loyalty to a sovereign whom, in heart he knew they despised. But the object which he had before him was dear to his soul, and McCullum More resolved to find out, as speedily as possible, how his strength lay with those around him. Before he landed himself, he despatched his son Charles on shore to summon the Campbells to his standard; and to take up arms against James. Charles acted on his father's orders, but met with a far different reception to the one Argyle had so sanguinely expected. They refused to join the rebel army, and declared their loyalty to their king in terms at once decisive and clear; leaving McCullum More both astonished and mortified at a resistance and opposition he so little expected.

The Highland herdsmen of Dunstaffenage, whose hearts still beat with delight at the name of McCullum More, were ready to enrol themselves at any time as his followers; and the fishermen, in their honest zeal and unchanged feelings, were ready to do the same. But some of their chiefs had been among those suspected of disloyalty, and had been thrown into prison; the others were dead. The farmers who remained at home quietly pursued their daily duties, and whatever their real sentiments may have been, took especial care that nothing should escape them savoring of disloyalty. Prudent and thought-

ful, and enjoying all the comforts of life, they dreaded the ferment of war; and in the possession of that domestic happiness, which their pure family government, under the sweet influences of religion, shed around their contented and blooming firesides, they determined to have nothing to do with the movement Argyle had set on foot. So that when his son Charles called to see them at their farm-houses, they one and all refused to see him.

Finding that nothing encouraging could be obtained at Dunstaffnage, they set out for Campbelltown, situated on the southern extremity of Kintyre, and though greatly disappointed Argyle was not cast down. Rumbold and Ayloffé kept up his spirits by their sanguine arguments, and consulting together, they came to the conclusion of putting forth a manifesto, which had been drawn up in Holland under the direction of the Managing Committee, among whom were Hume and Cochrane, setting forth, in the strongest terms, the many grievances under which Scotland groaned, and the yet further wretchedness to which they, as a people, were condemned, if James was still permitted to be their king. Accusing him of having poisoned his brother, and then holding up the horrors attendant on a Papal administration, and a call on Protestants to come forward and join Argyle in endeavoring to expel him from the throne, and establish that form

of religion so dear to the souls and homes of every Scottish heart. Our beloved country, and the God of our fathers, it concluded, call us to action, let us then go forth and fight valiantly in so glorious a cause.



## CHAPTER XII.

Like Monmouth, Argyle professed himself to be in arms for the establishment of the Protestant religion, and the extirpation of Popery. Yet, his own practices might truly be said to combine both Pagan and Catholic. He resolved to summon the Campbells to his standard, and ordering a goat to be brought before him, had it killed, and then dipping a cross of yew tree in its blood, gave it into the hands of his followers, whom he despatched with this warlike symbol, with commands to his clan, of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, to join him.

The place selected for the gathering was the isthmus of Larhet, where they collected to meet their chief, who regarded their number with a saddened spirit, it was so much reduced to what it had been; still his force was on the whole inspiring, amounting altogether to about eighteen hundred men. Their stalwart forms indicating their great physical power, and their hardy faces and flashing eyes the energy and bravery of their hearts. Argyle, as he surveyed his bold mountaineers, felt a mo-

mentary glow of pride and security, and dividing them into three regiments, appointed officers as he thought suitable to command them.

But this excited a most unlooked-for scene of strife, and here was one of the many instances to prove the importance of investing a leader with unlimited control and unbounded power. The earl had nominated such of his kinsmen as he considered most fitted for the command of a regiment, and his patriarchal character entitled him to select. The committee insisted on interfering, and before all the assemblage altered his decisions, and named others whom *they* deemed more capable to act as officers. Argyle's anger rose with this impertinent assumption of power against himself; but he wisely restrained its expression; though he saw their motives. They wished to lessen the influence he possessed in the Highlands, and to appear to be sharers in the lustre which the name of MacCullum More alone boasted. More mischievous still, they carried on a secret correspondence with the Lowlanders, without either the sanction or knowledge of Argyle.

The earl deeply felt every outward manifestation of their want of confidence and regard, and it acted as such things always will do, while mind acts upon mind. It clipped his energies and saddened his feelings, while, on the contrary, to quicken his aspirations and incite his bravery and daring in such an undertaking, should have been their only aim.

Hume superintended the provisions and stores of their army, and with his disappointed ambition still rankling in his heart, he evidenced a carelessness the most reprehensible that could be imagined under the circumstances. The arms he allowed to rust; and was not only wasteful and extravagant of the provisions, but indulged in the most sumptuous manner himself, and invited by his example others to do the same, when the exigencies of the case, and the uncertainties they were involved in, should have influenced a course in diametrical opposition to the one he pursued.

Everything being arranged, and feeling no time was to be lost, Argyle now consulted with the committee as to the most eligible place for the scene of action, and suggested the Highlands, as his own people dwelt there. But Hume and Cochrane, with their own peculiar ends in view, declared for the Lowlands. By their correspondence with some of the leading men in the low countries, they had done everything to lessen Argyle's influence, and create for themselves an estimation which they ill deserved. They hated Argyle for the position he occupied, and success with him as a leader gave to their jealous minds no pleasure, and formed therefore no incentive to action. The chief of a numerous clan, they knew how great was the power he possessed; for the dwellers among his towering mountains and flowing rivers, glowed with but one feeling towards Argyle. Their hearts, their souls, their energies were his. So

that their opposition would soon be borne down, if they openly manifested any; and rallying to his standard, their power would be wholly withdrawn, and his increased to the absolute control which they had so far kept him from possessing. Under the influence of feelings such as these, their demeanor evidenced the discontent which filled their minds; while praise of the bravery and faithfulness of the Lowlanders was constantly on their tongues. A consultation then followed these remarks, and it was agreed upon that they should, with a portion of the army, go to the Lowlands, and commence an invasion there.

This decision was entirely satisfactory, and they sat out with joyful hearts in pursuit of the glory for which their spirits pined; leaving Argyle and his faithful adviser, Rumbold, to commence their siege in the Highlands. Rumbold had greatly assisted the earl through all his difficulties with these men, and though regretting their force was so divided, thought that Argyle at the head of an army composed chiefly of his own tribe, and freed from the annoying cavilling of these wilful aspirants for a rank to which neither had any claim, might look forward with something like a certainty to the fulfillment of his dearest hopes. The Campbell's to a man were devoted to him; far more, Hume and Cochrane had said, "than to their God."

The Earl now first determined to commence with



Inverary, by driving out all the invading clans who had stationed themselves there, and to take possession of the castle which had belonged to his family for ages, and by consequence had descended to him. By this measure, five thousand claymores would be added to his force; and all that wild and picturesque country, so dear to his heart as the home of his fathers, would be well defended, and in a condition to resist any power that might seek to molest or oppose them. In all he did or planned, Argyle found Rumbold an excellent and clear-headed assistant, and on him he always felt he could rely with full confidence in his sincerity and affection.

Hume and Cochrane's unhappy dispositions afforded very little chance for the attainment of their high aims and pretensions. The same spirit which had actuated their conduct towards Argyle, was now excited towards each other, and both contended for the mastery. They proceeded with their army when they sat out, for Ayrshire; but on arriving there, much to their discomfiture, they found the coast guarded by English frigates. They were therefore obliged to turn in another direction. Greenock was not far distant, a then small and beautiful village, whose quiet and simple inhabitants maintained themselves by fishing in the Clyde. Its appearance then, and at the present time, forms a great contrast. Its small, thatched, uneven built cottages, have given place to a fine flourishing commercial port, its cus-



toms yielding to the government more than all the revenue of Scotland amounted to, in those days.

Greenock was also defended, but on a smaller scale they found, than Ayrshire. A company of militia had been stationed there, so they discovered, and Hume suggested that they might as well go farther; and when they did land, a place wholly undefended would be the best. To this reasoning Cochrane turned a deaf ear. He was resolved, he said, to enter Greenock. They wanted provisions and there they could be obtained. Hume declared against it, and a violent altercation ensued; which resulted in each being resolved to oppose the other. They sailed up an estuary of the beautiful river Clyde, its surface smooth and bright as a mirror, though a fresh breeze wafted them briskly onward to the village whose poor miserable dwellings presented little, one would think, to cause dissension with two such grasping, ambitious spirits as Hume and Cochrane. Both, meanwhile continued in high dudgeon with each other; but Cochrane, as they neared the shore, assumed dictatorship by ordering Elphinstone, one of their officers, to take a boat and twenty men with him, and land at Greenock. But the example they had themselves led was followed by their subordinates. Elphinstone at once declared he should do no such thing; that there was no reason at all in such a request, and that others might obey such orders, but he should not.

This spirit pervaded all their ranks; opinions were openly expressed, and as openly contradicted, and angry disputants saluted the ear on all sides.

At this juncture of affairs, Major Fullarton, another officer much attached to Argyle, and hoping ultimate success would crown the efforts for freedom from religious restraint, his brave chief's enterprise, offered to go on shore with only twelve men.

The militia were stationed off the coast, and as they neared the land a heavy fire rent the air. They landed unhurt, however, and an engagement followed; but the militia were driven off, and entering Greenock, much to Cochrane's satisfaction, they procured provisions, but of a very inferior order. Meal was the only thing which could be obtained, in that way, so he had to be content with that only reward for his pains. As the people were averse to doing anything against the government, and were actuated by prudential motives, being too poor to run risks, and fearing any change would be for the worse. The Clyde washed their now peaceful shores, and the fish they caught there supplied to them the necessities of life. They possessed nothing beyond that which their daily labor yielded, and deprived of this, they must perish. The interruption, therefore, which a war must invariably produce, filled them with just reasons for anxiety and alarm, and they turned from its mention with horror, as they looked on their innocent and helpless children gambolling

around their doors, and felt their daily bread depended solely on their exertions.

Not that they were happy or contented, they loved the religion of their forefathers, and read

“The big ha Bible”

with pious and reverential fear, hating James and Popery with all the honest zeal of their single and devoted hearts. But fighting involved too great a stake. It was not merely life and death, it was misery and starvation, almost under any circumstances. The present could not be sacrificed to the most beneficent future, as its brightness would be wholly obscured by the intervening shadows that lay around their paths.

And the general feeling throughout Scotland was unfavorable to Argyle's undertaking; the people felt themselves aggrieved and oppressed; and they hated James and the Catholic religion; but how they were to rid themselves of those mountains of dislike, they knew not. They wished to live in peace, and in the enjoyment of their privileges as a Protestant nation; but the King's known bigotry filled them with apprehensions for the future; and Argyle himself had at one time summoned his clan in defence of prelacy, though now fighting against it. This inconsistency was tenaciously treasured up in their minds, and it operated in the Lowlands, especially, much against him. There is a marked difference of character in the Highlanders and Low-

landers. That of the former is wild, imaginative, impulsive, chivalrous, and unreflecting. For war and the glory of their chief they are always ready to fight; but the latter, governed more by reason and reflection, are on the other extreme; weighing all things in the narrow scales of their own circumscribed vision. A deeply religious people too, they considered that every action should have God for its end and aim. Argyle's men they regarded as slaves, looking to him in their blindness, instead of that Higher power to whom all their actions should be referred. In a word, religion was in all they said and did; their daily dialect was mixed up with quotations from Scripture, mingled with the cant phrases of the wildest fanaticism. Argyle, in their estimation, was a wicked, worldly-minded man; and the manifesto he had sent forth, setting up his claims in defiance of the ruling powers, was a vile and evil document, and utterly unworthy of the notice of good men; as the name of the Lord was not once invoked in it.

As bigoted as James himself, they wanted that all things should subserve *their form* of religion. None but Covenanters were of the true faith, and none but them, in their austere views, should be tolerated. MacCullum More had once been in arms against that body, and the pure spirit of Christianity, under any other form, was to them an abomination. As sectarians, they would have deluged the earth



with blood to set up their own peculiar doctrines, and made the word covenant the only password, to Heaven. Among such zealots, Cochrane and Hume found they had little chance of success; for the key that alone could unlock and enlist the energies of those fanatics, they had neither the will, the knowledge, or the hypocrisy to use, and, in a short time, discouraged by the strong current of feeling that opposed them, they again sought Argyle in the Isle of Bute.

The earl gladly welcomed them back, as his forces would be greatly augmented by the addition they had brought with them; and with it, his first thought was the castle of Inverary. An attack was therefore planned; but he had reckoned too surely on the increase of strength which Hume and Cochrane had brought with them; and, when his intention was declared, a fierce opposition was set up against it, first by Hume and Cochrane, and then by those who had accompanied them into the Lowlands. His own clan as resolutely declared for their chief. Party feeling ran high between the followers of the rival commanders, and a battle was seriously apprehended. Argyle dreaded such an outbreak, and proposed a meeting in order to the adoption of some conciliatory measures, which resulted in the selection of the ancient castle of Ealan Ghierg, instead of Inverary, as the place for the chief seat of arms; and to this end the stores and provisions were at once taken and deposited there.



The situation of Ealan Ghierg was well adapted for such a purpose. It stood at the mouth of the river Loch Ridan, surrounded by rocks and shallows, at the foot of a lofty range of mountains, towering in picturesque beauty and sublimity above the gloomy turreted edifice it frowned in grandeur and strength upon. Gulls screamed around its solitude, and the splash of the rippling waters were the only sounds that broke the profound stillness that reigned around.

The fleet was stationed close to its walls, its rocky coast protecting it, it was thought, effectually from the enemy's advances. A battery was then formed by guns taken from the ships, and its command given to Elphinstone, a man most injudiciously selected, as his quarrelsome disposition continued to spread a spirit of disobedience and disunion among the troops.

Argyle felt the difficulties of his position more and more every day, as Hume and Cochrane increased their assumption; and, but for the support of Rumbold, would have felt wholly discouraged. He at all times listened to his plans with that respectful consideration for his judgment and position, which, to a leader, at any time, is always so calculated to develop his best energies. Taking some troops, he laid siege on the castle of Ardlingglass, and was successful. This infused new life among their ranks; and Argyle, still bent on taking Inverary, attacked

Athol's men, and gained upon them. He was then about to advance upon the castle, when news reached him of the most alarming character.

The frigates of the enemy had almost reached the very walls of Ealan Ghierg, thus putting to flight the vain idea Argyle had rested on so securely, that it was utterly impossible to do so. It was truly appalling. Something must be done immediately to avoid it, as their little army, and still smaller fleet, could not face this formidable squadron. A consultation was held, and a march proposed further into the Highlands. But this, the Lowland portion of their forces peremptorily refused to do. Argyle lost no time in coming back to Ealan Ghierg; when it instantly occurred to him to make an attack on the frigates. A great number of his clan were fishermen, and by that means thirty boats could surround them, well manned with armed, brave and devoted Highlanders. Argyle proposed this with an enthusiastic confidence in being at once supported in his plan, and readily seconded and obeyed. But Hume and Cochrane, with their usual spirit of opposition, refused their sanction to the measure, and declared, in the hearing of all, that it would be sheer madness to attempt such a thing. And, the more effectually to prevent Argyle from acting in the manner he had proposed, they provoked the sailors to quarrel among themselves, which at once set an end to all ideas and hopes, for that time, of attacking the frigates which lay at

anchor quietly and proudly beneath the very castle it was known Argyle and his party occupied; with their three ships,—like theirs, resting on the quiet waters, waiting for action.

Argyle's courage and spirits entirely failed him; there was, he feared, nothing to hope. Hume and Cochrane he saw, with heartfelt sorrow and deep misery, were determined to check every wish and command which he might express. His authority, he felt, was at an end; and gloom and despair filled his soul. Added to all this, Hume's management of the provisions had been so wasteful, that the troops were scarcely half fed; and the stores were nearly exhausted. These brave men loved their leader, and would have followed him uncomplaining through every hardship; but seeing how things were, that others set up their claims against him, wholly discouraged men accustomed for years to obey no voice but his, and almost to regard their chief in the light of a king. They, like Argyle, lost all heart, and fled by hundreds from a scene in which, they had hoped, with their gallant leader, to retire from, bearing trophies of victory, only to lay them with joyful hearts at their chief's feet.

Hume and Cochrane had all along desired, because it was in opposition to the wishes of Argyle, to have the seat of war in the Lowlands. In the Highlands they were nothing; and the earl was every thing. They had both interest and influence in the low

countries; and there they had, from the first, desired to go. At the present juncture of affairs, those of the Lowlands, who had joined their ranks, absolutely refused going farther into the Highlands; and Argyle, feeling his individual power gone, yielded to the general wish, though with a sad foreboding mind, to march into the Lowlands.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Gathering up the fragments of his little army, therefore, Argyle commenced what he termed his retreat, into the Lowlands. Energy he had none, and spirits brightened by hope were entirely gone. He felt like one lead, instead of leading, and whither he knew not. The prospect of victory no longer gladdened his mental vision, and the alternative so fearful in contemplation haunted him continually. Files of the enemy, as a natural consequence, he felt would be stationed in every part of the country, and surprises greet them at every turn; and with his now weakened force, how soon they would become prisoners it did not seem very difficult to tell. To Argyle their prospects were melancholy indeed. Rumbold sought by every means in his power to comfort the earl, and to that faithful heart alone Argyle turned for consolation. Major Fullarton also shared his confidence, and that brave man was as devoted as Rumbold to his noble chief.

Their destination for the present was Loch Long, which they reached towards evening, then taking



advantage of the night, they crossed that inlet in boats, on their way to Dumbartonshire, where they landed in safety towards day-break. Their spirits had too in a measure risen, from having proceeded so far without any impediment. But a damper was at hand. They had scarcely passed the shore when news was sent to the earl, by Elphinston, who had charge of the castle of Ealan Ghierg, that the king's frigates had forced a passage and taken all their ships, and that in a panic of fear, without one show of resistance, he had fled to save his life, leaving the enemy in complete possession of every thing within its walls, but too glad to escape the wretched fate of being taken prisoner.

This was stunning intelligence to Argyle, and greatly deepened the despondency he experienced. All they could do now he felt afforded them little chance of victory; but Hume and Cochrane were in no way depressed. Their jealous feelings were indeed gratified, if anything, at Argyle's manifest discomfiture; they had conquered and gained their desire of having the decision made in the Lowlands, and that sufficed for them. Now, if victory should crown their efforts, the laurel would not alone grace the brow of Argyle, they would also share it. And with such ideas, these men of small minds, in the present extremities of their condition, amused and congratulated themselves with.

But some immediate plan was necessary; the in-

vasion of the Lowlands was now clearly their way, and no time was to be lost.

Argyle expressed his determination to go at once to Glasgow and besiege the town; and this, like all his other propositions, was received with opposition. No, they would not go there; even those who had been most for leaving the Highlands argued against the measure, and resolved to abandon the earl and his mad-brained enterprise, as they now called it, altogether. They even formed a secret scheme to seize all the boats for that purpose, but were discovered, and compelled to share, to the last, the risks and results of their last venture in the cause they had espoused.

This last stroke almost crushed the noble Argyle. It was evident that his words and wishes were to have no weight. Before all his brave followers his plans were always received with almost open contempt, and every proposal set aside to give place to more energetic and bold resolves. He was mortified to the very soul, and his spirit became darker and darker as he brooded on the wretched position he occupied, and the visible hatred which met him at every turn. It had already almost caused their ruin; for their troops were reduced to a most meagre number, in consequence of that withdrawal of his authority, in which his brave clansmen had for years delighted. Again Argyle, Hume and Cochrane consulted, and orders were given to proceed to Loch Lomond.

The march therefore commenced, but they were constantly impeded by parties of militia, and skirmishes took place. The earl was often, however, successful, but the troops he repelled only fell back to reorganize in a stronger force. Soon after he had crossed the river Leven, he found a strong body had mustered, and were prepared for action.

Argyle seeing this, communicated his views to Hume and Cochrane, which were, to give battle. Ayloffé seconded the measure, but Hume, as was his wont, opposed it, and this time with good reason. There was a regiment of Red-coats, and more might be lying in ambush, which seemed very probable. With their now diminished forces, such a step was absolute madness. His suggestion was to remain quiet till night closed in, and then to steal a march upon them.

A quarrel ensued, and high, offensive words passed between the earl and Hume. Rumbold interfered, and by the intervention of his quiescent spirit, peace was restored. But Argyle's heart's-wounds again bled afresh, and agony of mind seemed almost to devour his brave and generous soul. Again his wish had been overruled; again insult had been offered to his authority, before his troops; and the voice of his open and avowed enemy had gained the mastery.

The two armies encamped on the same ground, within gun-shot distance of each other, each busied in preparations, but neither advancing. Evening

closed around their operations, without anything decisive appearing; and, as the night deepened around them, the earl, with a timid voice, proposed attacking the king's forces. This again was opposed. And Argyle sunk into despair.

Hume's suggestion of slipping slyly away, seemed their best move; and collecting about midnight, they set forth, with the hope that, by this means, they would be able both to gain upon and evade the enemy.

The watch-fires gleamed in the distance, as they went forward; and trusting to guides to bring them safely to Glasgow, over heaths and morasses, they gave no thought themselves to the road they travelled.

This was a sad mistake. The night was so exceedingly dark—not a star even lighting the horizon—that the guides could not see the track, and took them quite in another direction, into ground so wet and boggy, that, in attempting to cross it, they lost their footing, and were obliged, covered with mud, to recede as quickly as possible. Oaths and imprecations followed this disastrous mishap; for, already tired and disheartened, the soldiers felt they little needed this addition to their misery.

The darkness was so intense that the guides did not know where they were; and, wet up to the knees, hungry, and without hope to cheer them on their miserable way, it was no wonder they



evidenced their dissatisfaction in no very measured terms.

Fear, too, filled their hearts; and every sound they heard was turned into the approach of the enemy, who, they but too well knew, would show no mercy; and their numbers, being so far greater than their own, the result would be horrible. Argyle realized all the wretchedness of their position, and a quiet despair painfully marked his demeanor; while Hume and Cochrane possessed the same determined aspect that had at all times distinguished them. Rumbold felt more for the earl than for himself, and with Ayloffé assisted the noble chief as much as possible. But all their efforts were vain. Argyle saw that everything went against them. This last mischance had a terrible effect on him; the army continued to advance, but the soil, wherever they turned, was of the same boggy description. The soldiers and officers became louder and louder in their complaints. Their fears also increasing with every step they took, confusion reigned throughout the troops, to such an extent, that they could only be compared to an excited mob. All command was at an end; many fled without saying anything to any one, undiscovered from the darkness of the night. Several brave men wandered out of the way, among whom was Rumbold; and, though they were within hearing of the main body, were unable to join them.



The day at length dawned; but the light revealed a melancholy sight. Only five hundred of their army remained, who, dispirited and worn out with fatigue and hunger, assembled at Kilpatrick to consult about their future plans.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Their energies were now completely paralyzed, and the enterprise commenced with such sanguine hopes of success, all felt must be given up. But with this conclusion came those fears for their safety which a little time sufficed to show were but too well founded. To escape with their lives was their great and now only concern. Hume at once started for the Continent, which he reached safely. Cochrane would have fled there also, but having taken a different road to Hume, was taken by one of the king's scouts, and sent to London, where he was immediately confined in the tower. Argyle had formed no definite plan, but conceived it best till he did so to seek out the residence of an old and tried servant residing near Kilpatrick, and seereet himself there for a time. In order to aecomplish this purpose he disguised himself as a peasant, and with a slouched hat, and staff in hand, sat out, aecompanied by his attached friend, Major Fullarton, to whom he acted as guide.

To describe Argyle's state of mind would be a

vain and futile task. Every hope in life seemed to have forsaken him, and the world and its concerns to have lost all interest in his crushed and broken heart. The images of his beloved wife and children, in their grief at his disappointed and fruitless attempt, filled his soul with a still deeper sorrow, and he wandered on in the dusk of the evening, giving utterance occasionally to the feelings that oppressed him, to one whose sympathy was as sincere as his character was brave and faithful.

They proceeded through Renfrewshire, as far as McBinnan, where two streams, named the Black and White Cart (then flowing through moorlands and pasture-grounds, on their way to the Clyde, but, which now turn the wheels of prosperous manufactories, and blend with their flow the hum of busy life,) seemed to offer a chance of fording to the opposite shore, unperceived by those whom they knew were keenly looking out for their capture. But in this hope they were mistaken. A party of militia had been already stationed there, and took them quite by surprise as they came up to the banks of the streams. Argyle thought of his peasant dress, and trusted it would shield him from recognition. Major Fullarton thought only of the Earl; and could he escape, cared little for himself. Questions, as they approached, were immediately asked by the soldiers. The major answered promptly, but the pretended guide keeping silence, suspicions

were excited, and they advanced and laid hands on Argyle. He sprung from them at a bound, and plunged into the water. They followed immediately after, five in number, but the energy of desperation enabled the earl for some time to baffle their efforts to overtake him, and remembering his pocket-pistols, he presented one, but, alas, the water had got into the powder, and it would not go off. By this time they had come so near that one of them struck him a blow with a sword, which so stunned him that he was taken without the least difficulty, and brought to the shore a prisoner.

"Who are you?" they demanded, when Argyle came to himself.

"I am the Earl of Argyle," he answered, hoping by this frank avowal to soften their hearts and command the respect his presence had always insured heretofore. But now the case was altered. A price had been set upon his person; and his countrymen's love for the great name of MacCullum More was not proof against their worldly-mindedness. However, by letting him go they endangered their own lives. They wept, as they beheld their noble Captain, but held him fast the while. Though some of them felt so much at seeing the earl so utterly cast down, that they would have yielded at last to the pleadings of pity in his behalf, had not one of them, by the name of Riddell, strenuously opposed it. Argyle was therefore conveyed

to Renfrew, and put into prison there. Meanwhile Major Fullarton had escaped; though he would gladly have laid down his own life to save that of his beloved chief.

From this time the name of Riddell was marked, and for more than a century after, not one of their race dared to show their faces at fairs or other merry-makings for fear of the vengeance of the Campbells, whose whole tribe, whenever they met a Riddell, never failed to bestow a summary remembrancer on the person of any one bearing that hated name.

On this account they rarely ventured to approach Argylshire; or if any special occasion demanded their presence there, they always took the precaution of assuming an *alias*.

When Argyle found himself within the walls of a prison, after the first burst of grief was over, he commenced reviewing the past; and, as he did so, he felt that no possibility of success could have followed his enterprise in connection with such men as Hume and Cochrane. Their jealousy of his position had led to all their misfortunes. He felt how wrong he had acted from the outset, and that he should have advocated the necessity of a leader's having uncontrolled power before taking one step in his daring and perilous undertaking.

Why—he asked himself as he paced the narrow cell in which he was confined—why did I not leave Holland single-handed; and, trusting to my brave



clansmen, have sought my native mountains, and summoned all, to whom the name of Argyle was dear, to my standard? Ah! had I acted thus, all would have been well, and victory been mine.

Thus soliloquized MacCullum More, the noble chief of a brave tribe, and his reasoning was just. Cochrane and Hume had effected the destruction they preferred, to success with Argyle at the head; and Scotland, with all her grievances, was left to her fate, without a single hope of redress while James occupied the throne of England.

Captures of the insurgents now followed quickly, among whom were the brave Rumbold and Ayloff. The Scottish people were in great grief for Argyle's failure, the peasantry especially. They loved the Calvinistic religion; and had hoped the good earl would have succeeded in his bold enterprise for its sake. This overthrow of their fond anticipations was met by tears and lamentations both for Argyle and themselves, while the thought of the possibility of his losing his life for the cause filled the greater part of the nation with gloom and mourning, which prevailed among all ranks and grades.

Argyle's amiability of character ill fitted him for the office he had undertaken, but in the solitude of his prison it formed a picture of heroism rarely to be found. His true greatness of mind here exemplified itself. Manly and resigned, the mildness of his

deportment filled the jailers with admiration and awe. They seemed to regard him as something above even the highest mould of humanity, and were often moved to tears as they beheld his subdued, yet majestic form, like the forest oak bending, but not crushed by the storm.

His noble lineage here asserted itself, and his clear, deep intellect shone with a lustre as bright as it was commanding. Every insult which heartlessness could suggest was offered to him by his merciless conquerors, but he received it in the spirit of meekness, supported by that inward consciousness of greatness which no outward humiliation could subdue.

The day arrived when he was to be led forth from his prison, and he paraded through the High-street of Edinburg, to glut the vengeance of his conquerors. It was a needless display of triumph, but one which they thought best calculated to lacerate the feelings of the earl, whose pride of ancestry and lordly pretensions they knew so well.

A procession was formed to proceed up the street leading from Holyrood-house to the castle, among whom was the hangman, bearing the horrible insignia of his order, the quartering-block. Argyle followed next him on foot, with his head uncovered, with a countenance, on which was impressed a patience and a pathos so touching, that scarcely a dry eye, in the immense crowd gathered to see him,

was to be seen. Even his enemies felt its influence, though in their rancorous plan, the fate of Montrose, thirty-five years before, had decided this procession should take place, and in the same direction in which he was taken when leading to his doom. Since that period the houses of Graham and Campbell had been at deadly feud.

The day was brightly beautiful, and the sun's rays fell with scalding heat on the bare head of Argyle, but he heeded it not; all unconscious too of the multitude that gazed at him, he followed on till he reached the castle, when his legs were heavily ironed. The noble captive submitted to this indignity with the same composure which had characterized all his other actions. No word escaped him, not a sigh nor a murmur was heard. Like his Divine Master, he yielded himself to his persecutors without hope, yet without despair. His thoughts were all heavenward, and to his God he yielded himself, in this his hour of extremity, without fear or reserve.

James' commands were, that he should have no trial; a decision which even the most hardened of his enemies protested against, but in vain, while his friends indulged in anathemas against its injustice, as being without a parallel in the annals of any country.

Argyle's fortitude and resignation, under his trying circumstances, were beyond description. He heard this cruel decision without one expression of dissatisfaction—without one word of expostulation.

But a still greater trial awaited him. The privy council sent him a paper of interrogatories, relative to his friends and confederates, to gain every possible intelligence, in order to having them all arrested and executed. He replied to each question, but warily and sparingly, not wishing that any should suffer for his sake.

When his answers were taken back they were extremely displeased, as nothing satisfactory was divulged. "Go, therefore," they said to the messengers, "and tell the earl, that if he is not more explicit, the torture must be employed to bring out what remains yet within."

To this menace he mildly returned, "that he had nothing more to say." Confined amid the gloom of the castle, allowed no intercourse with his beloved family, with the prospect of death before his eyes, and very possibly the torture, Argyle yet preserved his heavenly mindedness, his tranquil and spiritual state undisturbed, it would seem, by one earthly thought.

"My poor clansmen," he would sometimes murmur, "may you be spared if I am not." He wrote to his wife and children after the day of execution was fixed, saying, "I must die on Monday, and previously to that I am to be put to the torture, if I do not implicate my unfortunate followers, by revealing all I know upon oath. Through all this I trust God will support me."

With all this in view his aspect was still the same; calm and composed he passed his days and most of his nights in devotion, and it is probable such a touching picture of resignation and submission to his hard destiny, had the effect of softening his enemies, as nothing was heard of the torture afterwards. His treatment too was far less rigorous than it had previously been, for which he blessed God, "whose good spirit," he said "had melted their hearts in his favor."

Many less magnanimous than Argyle would have endeavored to soften his captors in his favor by betraying his clansmen; but the noble chief was incapable of such perfidy, and up to the last preserved his integrity towards them, thanking God that he had been supported through all to do so. "None have I named disadvantageously," he said, "truly has my God helped me."

He also wrote to a lady in Holland, who had advanced him a large sum of money for his enterprise, stating how disasterously everything had turned out, and dwelling at some length on the constant and ill-advised jealousy of Hume and Cochrane, "to whom," he added, "all my misfortunes are owing."

This explanation he judged due to the amiable lady, who, from the pure motives of private friendship, had impoverished herself to assist him, trusting in much confidence in his success. But as his last



hours drew near, he feared he had been too severe towards his enemies, and consulted with a friend whether he thought him too harsh in his judgment, as, if he had been, he would suppress what he had said. "Though certainly," he mildly added, "they would not be governed."

It was the day before his death that the evening shadows and the midnight hour found Argyle in prayer. He had composed too his own epitaph. A simple but touching composition, expressive of his situation, and his feelings at being torn from his beloved wife and family, and lastly, his reliance and firm trust in the mercy of his God, and his hopes of heaven through a Redeemer's love.

As his last hours came nearer and nearer, he lamented with great bitterness the inconsistencies of his past life. "I was not fit," he would say, with great feeling, "to be the deliverer of the church or my country." But while saying this, as if a light suddenly darted into his mind, "the time is coming when deliverance will come and the Lord's cause be triumphant. I pretend not to prophecy, but this will surely come to pass." This, at the time, was implicitly believed in by some zealous Presbyterians present, who treasured it up in their hearts; and, at a later day, when this dark period had given place to a brighter and better state of things, ascribed to the earl the spirit of prophecy, which had thus enabled him to foretell

the future prosperity of that religion and country to which he was so much devoted.

The last morning of his life beamed brightly through the windows of his cell. The sight of the glorious sun rejoiced his soul ; and a sweet smile played upon his features. He ate his meals with a good appetite, and conversed cheerfully with his friends. After his dinner, as was his custom, he laid down to sleep, in order to be prepared with necessary strength to ascend the scaffold.

One of the lords of the council, who had been bred a Presbyterian, had, through bribery, been seduced into joining the king's party against the church, was despatched with a message to Argyle. When he arrived at the castle, he demanded admittance to the earl. The answer given was that he was fast asleep, and that it would be a pity to disturb him.

This was thought merely an excuse, and he insisted on seeing him, declaring that his business was urgent.

Finding it impossible to evade the privy counselor's determination to see their noble prisoner, the door was softly opened ; and there, stretched on his pallet, in irons, lay Argyle, sleeping as sweetly as an infant.

The conscience-stricken man started at sight of such composure, in the near view of death. What a lesson of peace with God did it not read to his heart.

He turned pale as death ; for he felt how different the case was with him. Argyle continued in his profound sleep ; and, unable to bear the sight, he fled from the castle, never stopping a moment until he had reached his own dwelling, where, throwing himself upon a sofa, shame, self-reproach and remorse so overcame him, that he groaned aloud. His wife came into the parlor to see what was the matter, on hearing so unusual a sound. " Oh," she exclaimed, on witnessing his agony, " what has happened to you ?"

" Oh, nothing," said he, " to me, surely." " You are ill, my love," she tenderly returned ; " let me give you a cup of usquebaugh." " No," he said with quickness, " that cannot cure a soul sick with itself."

" Strange words," she observed : " Oh, something must be wrong ;" and beseeching him with all the eloquence of a spirit strong in the power of affection, at last he was induced to tell her :

" I have been, my love," he said, " to see Argyle, in the castle ; and what do you think ? though but one hour to remain on earth, I found him as calmly sleeping as a new-born babe. O, Annie, how could I have felt under such circumstances ?"

His wife said nothing. Well she knew and deeply had she mourned his apostacy to the church ; but, with true woman's pity, she pressed his hand within her own, and, lifting her soul to God, prayed that he might repent and be forgiven.

The earl, meanwhile, had awoke, and risen from his bed to prepare for the final scene ; and, sitting down, wrote a farewell letter to his beloved wife ; employing the tenderest epithets to express his affection and his sense of the goodness of God ; earnestly commending her and his children to his beneficent care. "Forgive me all my faults, dear heart," he continued, "as I know you will ; and when I am gone, comfort yourself in the Lord, in whom all true comfort lies. May he bless and keep thee until we meet in Heaven. Adieu, dearest of wives and children.

A. ARGYLE."

The time had arrived when the lords were to leave the council house, and Argyle to be conducted from his cell to the scaffold. Ministers of the Church of England were appointed to attend him ; and not those of his own persuasion. But this did not move Argyle ; they were Protestants, and that sufficed.

He meekly and reverentially responded to their exhortations, and then besought them to be zealous in cautioning their flocks against admitting those doctrines into their hearts which were the destruction of Protestantism. Then, mounting the scaffold, the "rude old gullotine," used in Scotland, and called, for some incomprehensible cause, "the maiden," he addressed the assembled multitude in the Scottish phraseology of the deepest piety. Most of his hearers shed tears at beholding his perfect resignation and unruffled calmness in an hour when even the

stoutest heart has been known to fail. "He hoped," he said, "God would forgive his enemies, as he had forgiven them." But one bitter expression escaped him.

"My lord dies a Protestant," one of the Episcopal clergymen announced to the people.

"Yes," returned Argyle, in a loud and clear voice, "and not only a Protestant, but with a hatred of Popery and prelacy, in all its forms, with all its priest-craft, cruelty, and superstitions." Then turning to his friends, he embraced them affectionately, and putting some tokens of remembrance into their hands, to be given to his wife and children, after a brief prayer gave the signal to the executioner.

Thus ended the life of one whose virtues are engraved on the memory of thousands, who, in reading his history, cannot but lament that excess of amiability which made him, with the finest abilities for a governor, the dupe and tool of two men, alike destitute of principle, feeling, and judgment, but whose jealousy prevented their yielding to another, a place they were wholly unfitted to fill themselves.

His head was fixed on the Tolbooth, where the head of Montrose had more than thirty years before been placed, and kept till it decayed.

Rumbold had already shared the same fate, and his head was placed, after his execution, on the Westport of Edinburgh. Rumbold was a brave man and a good soldier. Throughout the whole campaign



his consisteney of conduet was remarkable. Allured neither by the eowardiee of one party, nor the insolence of another, his attaehtment to Argyle continued unabated to the last. When he lost his way, and in the darkness of the night wandered away from the army, he had still hopes of regaining them when the daylight broke. But the following morning found their troops dispersed, and all thoughts of prosecuting the war ended.

Under these eircumstanees, Rumbold's first care was the preservation of his life. He therefore sought the most retired spots through woods and morasses, where the solitude that surrounded him seemed a protection from the king's troops. But in this idea he was mistaken. A party of militia found him out, and pursued him furiously. His horse kept them at bay for some time, but coming up they fell upon him with unsparing energy. He fought long and vigorously, and would have cut his way through, notwithstanding their numbers, had they not hamstringed his trusty steed. He was conveyed to Edinburgh covered with wounds, to all appearance mortal.

Rumbold was considered an old offender. In his house the Rye-house Plot had been formed, and the project of assassinating the royal brothers received its sanction. His capture therefore was a sweet morsel to the king and the royalists, and they desired above all things to have him executed in England. This,

however, it was very evident could not be the case. His sufferings from the wounds he had received had brought him very low, and if he were not hung at once he could not be hung at all alive, and this pleasure his conquerors could not forego, while the insolence he endured from them the most cruel of our own day would shrink from with disgust. But his magnanimity under all the provocations almost equalled that of Argyle. Patient, calm, and unruffled, he replied to all their cruel tauntings with piety and meekness, avowing his trust in the mercy of God, and his peace through a Redeemer.

He was more favored than Argyle had been in one respect. He had a trial. Short, to be sure, but a trial, nevertheless, wherein he was convicted of high-treason, sentenced to be hung and quartered.

The day fixed for his execution found him so weak that he was unable to stand without support. He was conveyed to the scaffold, and feeble as he was, lifted up his hands towards the assembled multitude, and poured forth his soul in a loud voice against Popery. The drums were ordered to strike up while he was speaking, so that the people should not hear. But he went on, and adverted to the evils of an absolute monarchy. "Providence," he said, "never intended that one man should govern the wills of millions by his own. I would," he continued, "magnify God's holy name. I die in defence of pure and undefiled religion, against Popery and

all its horrors, and had I a thousand lives, freely would I yield them all in such a cause."

The lords of the council taunted him with the guilt of assassination lying on his conscience, but this he denied in toto. "This crime," he replied, "I know has been attributed to me, but I never, on the faith of a dying man, harbored such a thought for an instant.

"Persons," he continued, "have taken a wrong view of that subject; I have ever regarded assassination with horror, and my religion has taught me its criminality too deeply to embue my conscience with so heinous a deed."

Rumbold deluded himself, it is to be feared, like many others, into a belief in this instance, that the end proposed fully justified the means. A zealous Protestant, he thought the removal of one likely to endeavor to subvert the whole nation to Popery was a Christian act, and according to the usages of war, any means of surprising the enemy, were fair. It was true that Charles was also one of the intended victims, but as a sovereign he possessed little of the esteem and affections of his people. In a word, those concerned in the "Rye-house Plot" wanted another king, and that one was Monmouth.

James regarded Rumbold in the light of a murderer, whose object was his own life, and his revengeful feelings heard with delight of his capture and execution.

He was executed a few hours before Argyle, who warmly lauded his character in his last moments, declaring Rumbold to be one of the bravest soldiers and best of men.

James' view of Rumbold's crime was perfectly unjustifiable by any kind of reasoning. Yet, a short time after we find him attempting to justify himself in a similar way for the self same thing. He employed persons of his own persuasion to waylay and surprise the Prince of Orange, William the Third, after the revolution, and take his life by cutting his throat, on a journey from Richmond to Kensington.

And yet, in his own view, he was guilty of no crime. A system of Jesuitical reasoning paved away all criminality in an act of the vilest nature, and justified its necessity by the circumstances of the case.

Rumbold died as became a Christian and a brave man; and his conduct, save in this one instance, seems to have been irreproachable.

With his companion, Ayloff, it was far different. No piety cheered the gloomy period of his imprisonment or execution. He had joined the standard of the Protestants against Catholicism, but from no religious feelings. Ambition and a thirst for glory had drawn him towards them, rather than a nation's good. The heroes of the olden time were the idols of his imagination, and the spur which lent energy to all his aspirations and actions.

When arrested, he was taken to Glasgow. During his imprisonment he made an attempt to commit suicide, by letting blood with a penknife; and otherwise wounding himself. He could not, however, by any means, effect his purpose. When discovered, the knife was taken from him, and he was taken from prison and conveyed to London, where, being brought before the privy council, they commenced interrogatories relative to his confederates. An interview is also said to have taken place between him and the king, for this purpose; but to all, Ayloffe's mouth was sullenly closed.

He hated James and his party, and preserved, even in his extremity, the bold and fearless spirit that had always distinguished him. A promise of pardon was proffered him, if he confessed all he knew of the remaining insurgents: "So come, Mr. Ayloffe, be frank with us," the king cunningly added.

But Ayloffe knew his man,—knew him to be as crafty as he was cruel, and whose meanness and duplicity would lead him to stoop to any thing to accomplish the sanguinary vengeance of his disposition;—and he replied, "If it is in your power to pardon me, it is not in your nature." James said no more; but, grinding his teeth, ordered him from his presence.

He was tried, convicted, and executed, under his former treasonable offences, which made him an outlaw.

He preserved his stoicism to the last, ascended



the scaffold, erected at the gate of the temple, with an air of determined defiance; surveyed the multitude which always hang about such places, with a sullen silence; laid his head upon the block, and in a few minutes Ayloffie was no more.

Then followed the vengeance of the strong upon the weak. Argyle's followers were hunted down like wild beasts, and brought to the slaughter without mercy, and without one pitying thought for either themselves or their suffering families, left, in so many instances, in utter destitution. The Duke of Athol's enmity to the Campbells vented itself in the most cruel and heartless manner. Those of them who were taken, he caused to be hung, without trial by judge or jury; and without even time for commendation of their souls to God. The whole race he longed to destroy; and, had he not been withheld by the intervention of the privy council, would have adopted measures for a consummation he so devoutly wished.

Throughout Inverary, a country rich and abounding in nature's gifts; and rendered still more productive by the labors of the husbandman, waste and desolation now only reigned. The inhabitants, for thirty miles around, were Argyle's tenants, and were devoted to him to a man. They had all turned out to follow their noble chief; and the disastrous issue of his enterprise had caused them to fall into the hands of their merciless conquerors.

The homes of those brave peasants were burned ; their mills broken down and destroyed. Flourishing orchards and fruit gardens were set fire to, and even the roots burnt. Many were fishermen, and gained a livelihood by fishing on the coast ; these had their boats and nets destroyed. But this was not the worst. Those who were not hung had a still more cruel lot ; being transported to the Colonies. Many were mutilated, being sentenced to have their ears cut off before they left ; the hangman, it is said, cutting off, in one day, the ears of thirty-five individuals. Even women shared in the cruelty of the times ; and several, previous to being sent off, were branded on the cheek with a red hot iron, leaving children, young and helpless, in a state of utter destitution, to the tender mercies of these monsters in human form.\*

But Athol's ireful feelings were unsated yet. As the old adage saith, "like master like man ;" so this minion, seeking royal favor, to show a fair account of his deeds to James, followed out every suggestion of his ambitious and cruel heart in the most wanton displays of atrocity. His last attempt of malicious cruelty, was endeavoring to obtain an act of parliament, permitting the name of Campbell to be proscribed ; but in this he did not succeed.

\* Woodrow gives an accurate detail of the names of those prisoners who were branded, transported, and mutilated.

Thus was Scotia mourning her misery and subjection to a wretched bigot, with hope crushed beneath the impervious gloom which hung over a land cherished by thousands of brave hearts, who witnessed, helplessly, and desparingly the shadows which enveloped her.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The rebellion quelled in both England and Scotland, James breathed freely, happily, and exultingly over his thousands slain, and his tens of thousands awed into the most abject submission to his will. The name of rebellion, he thought, laid aside for ever, and his throne of power established on pillars, whose firm foundation no earthly power could shake or remove.

The queen imagined, in her bigotry, that she saw the hand of God in the cruel and bloody measures which had filled both nations with broken, bleeding hearts; and that the pure Catholic faith was vindicated by the humane delights of torture which in every form afflicted the poor misguided people who fell, powerless into the hands of conquerors, destitute alike of feeling or principle. Tales of devastation and horror they gloated over with feelings of gratulation more in keeping with the wild Indian, whose savage nature neither law or civilization had subdued or improved, than beings in whom refinement, it would naturally be supposed, would have had its highest representatives.

The whigs beheld, with sorrowful emotions, the heartless and bold triumph of the conquerors; and their very name carried misery and defeature on its face. Every one avoided so fatal an appellation, one which branded with reproach: no bright future promised a resumption of its former glory, or coupled it, as they once did, with hopes of England's deliverance from hands steeped in oppressions of every name and order.

As the olive waved its new-born foliage over England, and industry and art by slow degrees resumed their energies beneath its refreshing shadow, the revenues of the king swelled to a most unlooked for extent; and with them the proud and stony heart of James. He beheld his power increasing on every side, while his Parliament became more and more devoted to him. In ecclesiastical favor he stood higher than ever; while his minions on all sides fluttered around him with flatteries of his greatness, his triumph, his strength, and his goodness. Prosperity on all sides surrounded him; and it did its work. In the days of his abject fear, lest his kingdom should be reft from him, he had solicited aid from his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, in terms of the most unprecedented humility for a monarch; and, when a compliance of his request was granted, it was received with tears of gratitude as a favor he had feared too great to anticipate.



Forgetful of a period so fearful and so gloomy, his spirit, like the frog in the fable, was fast increasing its proportions. He was fast getting beyond himself, and in the visions he daily wove of future greatness was speedily becoming, in his mind's eye, the umpire of the world, beginning, however, with Europe first.

He had extended a promise to the United Provinces, that when all should be calm in England he would evince his intentions to the world, and show how he would bid defiance to France; and as early as a month after the battle of Sedgemoor, we find him concluding a treaty with the States General, couched in the most unmistakeable manner and spirit of the Triple Alliance; in which he was joined by ministers who, previous to that period, had deprecated every thing tending to French ascendancy; but, in the true courtier view of following the strongest party, now that all chance was over of destroying James, fawned on his every wish, and became the puppets of his will.

Lord Halifax was one of Monmouth's chief abettors in the early stages of the rebellion. He was now the chief adviser of the king. The darling object of James still occupied his mind, however, above all others, that of making England a Catholic nation. But there was one great check to the ardent zeal with which he prosecuted his plans, which was, that in the event of his death, his daughter

Mary, Princess of Orange, and the prince, who were Protestants, would undo all that he might do before. Well James knew the favor with which the Prince of Orange was regarded, on that account, by the people of England; but that knowledge did not prevent his taking every possible measure to advance Catholicism. And so glaring and misplaced was his ardor in its behalf, that on his determining, through the counsels of the queen, to introduce papists into the army and navy; and offering indulgence to Roman Catholics, inclusive of all dissenters; the bishops themselves became alarmed at his inconsistent zeal, and waited on him to present a remonstrance against such an intemperate step; which so enraged the king that he ordered them to be committed to the Tower. They were afterwards brought to trial; but the sympathies of both high and low being in their favor, it eventuated in their acquittal, much to the discomfiture and mortification of James.

The king's whole thoughts now turned into an entirely new channel. "Oh, if I had a son," was his constant exclamation. For the succession of the Protestant Prince of Orange filled his mind with the wildest despair. At the height of this despondency, the queen promised to be a mother; and, with joy, he hailed an event which he trusted would realize his fondest wishes.

Should his prosperity receive this last crowning

point to his desires, his happiness would be complete; Popery would be perpetuated, through its medium, and England's throne be filled still with a Catholic monarch.

But James' entire occupancy of himself and his wishes prevented his seeing and knowing that the secret desires of his people were sapping, to its very foundations, the superstructure he was raising to perpetuate his future glory with such bold confidence and hopes in its fulfilment. The prospect of an heir to the throne filled all England with dismay. With James' death, they looked forward to a successor who would again restore to them the peaceful joys and happy privileges of the Protestant religion; but if the king had a son, Popery and all its horrors would be again entailed on them, it might be, for centuries. This consideration drove them almost to madness; and in secret their measures were taken, if the expected child should prove a son.

What they dreaded happened; a son was born to James, June 10th, 1688. And then followed prompt measures to secure to the nation another sovereign, in the person of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange.

Meetings were once more held in London, expressive of the people's disgust at the present Popish administration, and its promise of perpetuation, which ended in concerted measures for James' dethronement, and his son-in-law's being called by the universal voice to take his place, as their king.

During his domestic joy at the fulfilment of his ardent desires, and the new field it seemed to open for the achievement of his future schemes, the king saw and heard nothing of the discontent of the people. He felt he stood secure. Strong on the right and the left, his eye penetrating beyond the vistas of his son's minority, he beheld his cherished desire of subverting the kingdom to Catholicism, in full blaze, and his enemies subdued and crouching to the triumphal car of glory and power, on which his son sat.

The queen's heart also dilated with delight at those bright visions of her husband ; but their extatic emotions were short-lived indeed.

Two short months after the birth of his son, a letter was put into the king's hand, from his ministry at the Hague, informing him of the communications which had passed between his people and the Prince of Orange, on the subject of an invasion, owing to the general discontent experienced by the English people ; and their determination, if possible, to have another monarch, and that other was the Prince of Orange.

James was completely taken aback by this information ; the letter dropped from his hands, and he fell back in his chair completely stunned. When, however, consciousness returned, his first thought was to retract some of his most recent arbitrary measures. But he had gone too far. His people at once saw through the craven fear that actuated him. He was



beginning to appear in his true light, even to those who had resolutely stood by him through all the fluctuations of the past. As a monster and a bigot they regarded him now, desiring only to gratify the selfish desires of his depraved nature ; caring neither for the feelings of his subjects or the prosperity of the nation. But in the distance a mild and radiant star beamed upon long suffering England, and beneath its kindling lustre they beheld a halo sweetly gleaming above its head, while the wings of hope expanded as it came nearer, as an earnest, they trusted, that superstition and fanaticism would soon pass away under the cheering influence of a monarch whose healthful tone of mind would restore, not only tranquillity, but that energetic industry which is a nation's truest glory, under the genial smile of the religion they loved ; where, in the sanctuary, or beneath their own fig-trees, they could worship the God of their fathers as their consciences dictated, free from the fetters of fear or the dread of punishment.

The disastrous termination of Monmouth's invasion caused some doubts as to the result ; but the whole heart of England was enlisted in its success ; and so well were their measures taken, and the voice so general, that James felt opposition would be a vain and futile thing. Even the Jesuits, his warm and faithful friends, advised him to abandon the country. The queen had the good sense to join her advice to theirs ; and thus led by fear and shame, he



prepared to fly, without a single effort to preserve his position or his throne.

The time of retribution had arrived; driven to leave the scene of his late exultation and cruelty by stealth, to seek refuge at the hands of strangers, as a wanderer and a homeless exile, his punishment was complete; while conscience whispered its tale beneath his ear, and brought with it its remorseful sting.

The queen and his infant son he sent away privately; and a few days after, on the 12th of December, he himself left London in the middle of the night, and joined her on board a ship bound for France.

In the morning the palace was found vacated of its sovereign, and the news quickly spreading, London was soon up in arms. A mob arose who seemed to consider themselves masters of everything, and with the usual spirit of mobism, began to take summary measures on those whose sanguinary proceedings of the past had wrung with torture every feeling and humane mind. The horrors of the rebellion fired their souls with a thirst for revenge on every one concerned in it.

In a terror-stricken state of mind, Jeffrys, disguised, and intending to fly, emerged from his dwelling; but discovering who he was, they fell upon him, and beat and kicked him so unmercifully that he died in the street like a dog. A fitting end for such a miscreant. The next move was to tear down all the mass-houses and destroy all the Catho-

lic images of the virgin and saints they could find.

Confusion and uproar was at its height in London, all business was at a stand, but delight and exultation filled every heart. A Protestant king was once more coming among them; and they were delivered from the oppressors fangs. "Long live King William!" rent the air, as they moved along in triumphal masses; and "perish the tyrant who has so long scourged the land!" and weaving their sentiments into a rude rhyme, sung:—

"Jeffry's lies dead,

"The butcher of men;

"And the tyrant his master

"Has ceased his dread reign."

A mob is a fearful spectacle at any time; but Lord Feversham, commander of the king's forces, to increase the general disorder, disbanded them without paying their wages, and sent them armed through the country; where with the lawless recklessness of soldiers' morals they committed all manner of depredations.

Such was the state of things, when, calling a meeting of the bishops and peers of the realm, a letter was despatched to the Prince of Orange inviting him to come over and fill the vacant throne of England; a call which he promptly obeyed, and, without one dissenting voice, assumed the regal title. This was a time of much rejoicing; all classes

joined in celebrating the auspicious event. Illuminations and bonfires blazed through town and country; triumphal arches graced the mansion of the peer and adorned the cottage of the peasant. Effigies of James and his queen were burned; and every species of exultation, in fireworks, balls, and shows, marked that grateful epoch of English history.

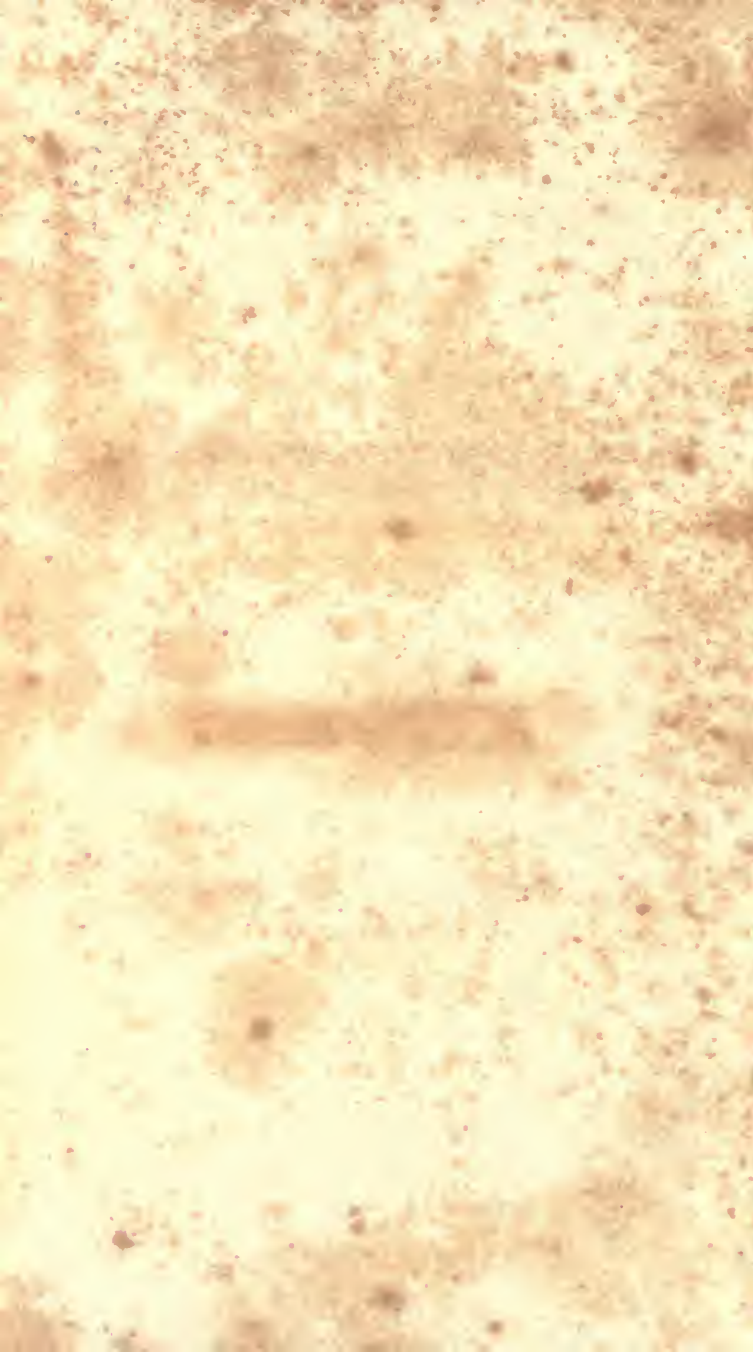
James and his queen reached Feversham in safety; but here he was discovered and brought back to London. He was filled with alarm; but his daughter had extorted from her husband a promise of protection from all violence for her father. William, therefore, acting in fulfilment of it, not only refused to take cognizance of the circumstance, but secretly aided his second escape. And, reaching France, he sought refuge at the hands of the French monarch, Louis XIV. who, to his praise be it spoken, received him with sympathy and kindness.

Hope was now kindled throughout all England. The dark clouds which had so long enveloped the nation were dispersed; and the bright rays of one unclouded sun promised to gild their future paths with happiness and peace, under the reign of William and Mary, who were subsequently crowned king and queen of Great Britain.

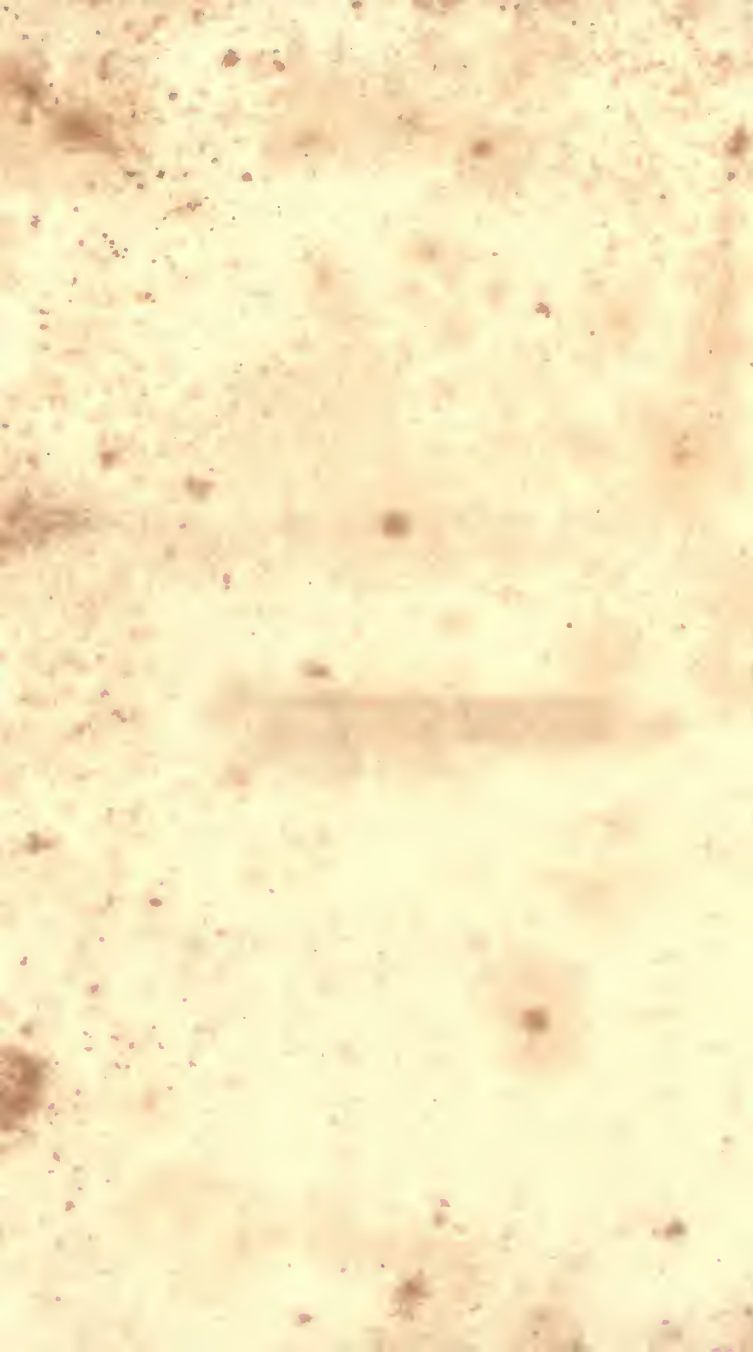
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